IRISH NATIONALIST.

FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

VOLUME II. San Francisco, Saturday, September 12, 1874. NUMBER 37.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

—BY THE—

NATIONALIST PUBLISHING CO.

OFFICE....No. 409 WASHINGTON STREET.

All Communications must be Addressed to the Business Manager.

TERMS.

One copy, one year.....$ 4 00
10 copies to one address, one year.....$30 00
Single copies..... 10

(INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.)

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HOME MUSINGS.

BY MICHAEL SCANLAN.

The Mississippi swept in pride beneath
The hill, upon whose jagged side I stood,
But gazing o'er, far o'er the surging flood,
I saw green Ireland's hills and dewy heath:
Wild youth came bounding up the mountain side,
And many a joy came following in his train,
Old hopes went smiling down the silver tide
That but in Fancy's realms could bloom again!
Like a mother's voice upon my dreaming ear
I heard the Shannon's soft-lipped murmurings—
An old air stealing over Memory's strings
That but the lorn of heart could feel or hear!
And, sitting down upon the mountain gray,
I wept for days and friends long pass'd away.

How many a heart that once beat time
To the immortal strains of Love and Liberty,
That caught the spirit of those dreams sublime
Which poets dreamt, O Shannon stream, by thee,
Now sleep, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung,"
Far from the valleys of their morning's love,
No song of praise falls sweet from Gaelic tongue,
Nor Keener sways their lone, wild graves above.
But out beneath this yellow harvest moon,
There are Irish Mothers on the hills to-night,
Breaking the stillness of night's sleepy noon
In praise of eyes that once shone soft and bright,
Of cheeks that rivaled the apple's blooms,
And fine hearts mouldering in their foreign tombs.

As sunny streams from many lands take birth,
Yet meet and blend their waters in the sea,
Thus, tho' our bodies sleep in home or foreign earth,
Our souls shall meet and blend, O God! in thee.
No corner so obscure in trackless wastes or woods,
But opens to the searching glance of Him above,
Whose ear doth catch above the howling floods
Man's faintest prayer of penitence or love!
O beauteous Faith! thro' which we feel and know
When most remote from man we're nearest heaven,
And though we sail Life's sea in joy or woe,
Our barques by zephyrs or wild whirlwinds driven,
When this short, fretting day will end in night,
We'll ride at anchor in some harbor of delight!

The Negroes in Alabama.

In some towns, as Montgomery, and smaller communities in the region where the most distress prevails, the negroes seem to be absolutely dependent upon the charity of the white folks. Their lives are grossly immoral, and the women especially have but little conception of the true dignity of womanhood. One sees men and women, like Italian and Spanish beggars, slouching all day, from sun to shade, living on garbage and the results of begging and predatory expeditions—a prey to any disease that comes along, and festering in ignorance. Some of them have been trying agriculture, and have given it up in disgust, because they do not understand farming, and there is no one to teach them. They have flocked into the towns, and there remain, seemingly nourishing a vague idea that something will turn up. It often struck me that the thousands of idle negroes I saw were in the attitude of waiting. Their expectant air was almost pathetic to witness. It was the same thing which we so often remarked in animals—that quaint and curious, yet despairing look in the eyes and poise of the body, which seemed to say: "I would like to read the riddle of my relation to the universe, but I cannot." So they occupy themselves lazily in lounging about the sheriff's sales of mortgaged property—always a prominent sight in the South now-a-days, alas!—or in begging of citizens and strangers with the greatest persistency. On the plantations they are the same as everywhere else in the cotton States; not always honest when they work for other people, and reckless and improvident when they work for themselves.—*Scribner's for September.*

Home Rule Procession in Ballycastle.

On Saturday, 15th August, the members of the Home Rule Association of Ballycastle assembled at Mr. James McHennery's, from whence they proceeded to meet their friends from Carey. Their flags waved magnificently as they proceeded towards the quay. When they met their Carey friends there was a *cead mille failtha*, and they returned to meet the contingent from Armoy. They numbered about 2,000. On returning to Ballycastle, where they marched through the town with flags and splendid music, they repaired in procession to the Warren, where refreshments were partaken of under the old green banners, as in days of yore. After a pleasant day they all departed for their homes in an orderly and peaceable manner.—*Cor. Belfast Weekly Examiner.*

IRISH NEWS

The following gentlemen have been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the borough of Londonderry: Henry Leckey, Esq., Matthew McClelland, Esq., Robert McVicker, Esq.

THE Very Rev. Martin Crean, O. S. A., late Prior of the Augustinian Convent, John street, Dublin, has been nominated by the Holy Father to the newly-erected See of Sandyhurst, in Australia.

IT is stated that, at the request of his Eminence Cardinal Cullen and the Congregation of the Propaganda, the Benedictine Monks of Ramsgate are to immediately establish a college in Dublin, in connection with the Catholic University of Ireland.

THE amount of duty received in the Port of Dublin last year was £870,794, or £12,086 less than the amount collected in 1872. An increase took place in tobacco and wine, a decrease arose from the reduction of sugar duties. The Customs Commissioners remark that "the business of the port of Dublin continues in a satisfactory condition."

THE body of a woman, aged 28, named Bridget McDermott, of Mountjoy-court, Dublin, was on the 14th ult., found floating in the Spencer Dock.

ON the 8th ult., at Knockabbey Castle, the residence of Myles W. O'Reilly, Esq., M. P., a servant man named Patrick Kearney was engaged cleaning a horse in the stable, when the animal kicked him in the head, killing him instantly. An inquest was held before Dr. Moore, coroner for the district, and a verdict of accidental death returned.

A STRIKE has occurred amongst the workers in the cotton mills of Whitworth Brothers, Drogheda.

ON the 14th ult., a largely attended meeting of those on strike was held at Gilford, some miles from Lurgan. It may be recollected that the workers there, to the number of about two thousand, struck, recently, and refused to accept ten per cent. reduction. They have since remained in that position, and at this meeting they expressed their resolve not to alter their original determination.

THE Lord Lieutenant has revoked the arms licence granted to John Atkinson, of Blackwatertown, Armagh.

IT has been decided by the council of the Galway Mechanics' Institute to organise a band in connection with that body. A committee has been formed for the purpose of collecting subscriptions, and the Rev. Martin Cummins has consented to act as treasurer to the committee. Already some liberal subscriptions have been handed in. The Mechanics' Inftitute is making very satisfactory progress. During the past quarter over thirty pounds were expended in increasing the library, the books purchased being the standard literary works of the best authors. There are now nearly three hundred members, and the reading room is decidely one of the best in the province.

ANOTHER meeting was recently held in the parishes of Graigue and Carlow, for the pnrpose of erecting a monument worthy of Father Maher, whose loss Ireland has so lately mourned. Resolutions pledging the meeting to do all in its power to forward the object proposed were adopted, and steps were taken for making the memorial worthy the eminent man whose name it will commemorate.

A MEETING of the Queen's County Independent Club was held in the Town Hall, Maryborough, on the 27th, Rev. Thos. Nolan, P.P., in the chair. Addresses were delivered defending the club from certain aspersions which had been cast upon it.

A FARMER, named Hugh Quinn, died recently at a place called Craughan, near Holywood, in the Conuty Wicklow, at the extraordinary age of 100. Sixty-six years ago he bullt the dwelling house in which he resided up to his death.

MR. MOORE asked the following question of the Chief Secretary for Ireland on August 4: "Whether it is true that while the South Riding of the County Tipperary is charged at the rate of £1,150 a year for the maintenance of an extra police force of 61 men, not a single man of the extra force is in the county?" He hoped the gentleman would explain to the House the cause of such a state of things, and how long it has existed; and whether, under the circumstances, it would not be fairer to withdraw the charge altogether,

THE Rev. E. Brennan, C.C., acknowledges the receipt of one hundred pounds, the unsolicited subscription of the Right Hon. Lord Carew, K.P., Castleboro, towards the erection of a curate's residence at Courtnacuddy Chapel, together with half an acre of land, free for ever. His Lordship had already contributed another £100 towards the erection of the new church at Courtnacuddy.

THE Irish Chancery Act, passed some six or seven years ago, provided that when the Masters in Chancery had wound up the business then pending before them, their office should cease to exist. On the 8th ult., Master Murphy sat in this court, Dublin, for the last time, he having disposed of all the business in which he was engaged, before the passing of the Act. Mr. Nesbitt, solicitor, addressed the master on the occasion, and said that for twenty-eight years the Master had borne himself in his judicial office in a manner which attracted the respect and admiration of all who came in contact with him. Mr. Nesbitt added that it was his pleasing duty to tender to the master the thanks of the profession for his urbanity and kindness for so many years. The Master, who was deeply affected, thanked the gentlemen who had spoken for their kind remarks, and said that he had always received the greatest courtesy and assistance from the practitioners in his court. The Master then left the bench, and thus concluded an honorable and useful judical career, which has lasted over a quarter of a century.

THE sale of the last of the Langton estate in Bruree, in the County Limerick, took place on the 7th ult., and as two of the largest mills in the county are on the property, there was a numerous attendance. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, Q.C., who has a large sub-interest, was declared the purchaser for £4,000, after a spirited competition, in which Dr. O'Sullivan, M.P. for the county, was the principal, who bid within £50 of the above sum.

A FOWL dealer, named Thomas Nolan, was brutally kicked to death at Kells, County Meath, on the 7th ult. At the inquest the jury returned the following verdict: "That said Thomas Nolan died on the morning of the 9th of August, 1874, and we believe that his death was caused by violence received in the house of Peter Berry, Kells, by being kicked in the belly on the night of the 18th of August, 1874, by some person or persons unknown to the jurors." The owner of the house and his servant are in custody charged with the crime. The object of the outrage is not stated.

ON the 9th ult., a grand temperance demonstration was held in Kilkee of the Temperance Society. Several houses in the town were ornamented with green boughs and decorated in various other ways. After the procession had gone through the principal streets of the town, the crowd, consisting of about ten thousand persons, halted in front of a platform erected in the Square, whence they were addressed by severa eloquentl speakers.

THE thatched cabin of an old woman, aged 70 years, named Elizabeth Davies, some miles from Tralee, was set on fire recently, through a pig having rooted out the fire, thereby bringing it in contact with the bed. The poor woman, who had been out for water, attempted to recover a sum of £20, which she had hidden in the premises, but the smoke overcame her and she was burned to death.

THE "Cork Examiner," of the 15th ult., contains the following notice: "About thirty-six years ago a male child was abandoned on the lands of a man named Boyle, at Clogherbrien, within a short distance of Tralee, and as the child so deserted has since grown to be a prosperous and wealthy man, the Very Rev. Dean Mawe, P.P., V.G., offers a reward for any information as to his parentage, etc.—the information so given to be received under the obligation of the strictest secrecy.

THE "Waterford News," of the 14th ult., says: "We are glad to perceive that the patriotic people of Kilkenny are getting up a suitable testimonial to Mrs. Maxwell, wife of the late highly esteemed Alderman C. Maxwell, in consideration of her long and faithful connection with the "Journal." We have often heard of the father of the press; but we may be permitted to call, in truth, this venerable lady the mother of the press in Ireland."

AT a special meeting of the Dublin Corporation the purification of the Liffey was brought under consideration, when it was resolved to appoint three engineers to report on the best scheme to a committee of the whole house within a fortnight. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed to Sir John Arnott for his offer to purify the river at his own expense, and the Council expressed regret that the Port and Docks' Board should have interfered to prevent the offer being accepted.

THE Irish team of riflemen embarked at Queenstown, on board the steamship "Scotia," for New York. The departure was witnessed by a large and very enthusiastic crowd.

LATE on the night of the 12th ult., two shots were discharged trough the bedroom window of the house of a man named Patrick Conway, living at Ballinalow, within a few miles of the town of Tipperary. The bullets lodged in a cupboard in the room. Conway, his brother and mother were all sleeping in the room, but beyond the fright, they were uninjured. The Tipperary constabulary were on the scene at an early hour next morning and searched several houses but made no arrests. Conway is a small farmer. It is stated that he was about being married, and that parties not wishing the match to come off fired two shots, to intimidate him.

THE "Freemans Journal," of the 14th ult., says:—"For the last six weeks there has been no poisoning of any of the stock on the lands of Merton Hall. The two horses which had been ailing under a sickness that showed symptoms of poison have recovered. It will be remembered that Mrs. Hall got over £200 at the assizes, compensation and costs, for sheep, lambs, &c., poisened on her. She now offers to pay, by the local magistrates, £100 for such information as will lead lead the conviction of such person or persons as poisoned her sheep; or £100 for such private information as may tend to the same result.

EASTERN NEWS.

NEW YORK, September 6.—Two New York policemen, George and Michael Malone, brothers, were arrested to-day for beating nearly to death, without provocation, two inoffensive citizens, who came in their way when they were coming home drunk, from a picnic.

George Burns, a Brooklyn policeman, who was applied to by a servant girl to protect her from the insults of a loafer, took her, under pretence of seeing her safely home, to a secluded place, and outraged her and beat her so that the physicians say she will die.

NEW HAVEN, September 7.—The buildings of the New Haven Wheel Manufacturing Company, one of the most extensive industries of the city, were burned to-night. The loss is estimated at $350,000 to $500,000. Insurance, $100,000. The fire is still burning, but will probably be confined to these buildings.

WASHINGTON, September 6.—The following postal changes have been ordered for the Pacific Coast: Offices established.—At North Tule, Tulare county, California; S. S. Coburn, Postmaster. At San Pasqual, San Diego county, California; Harloe Gilbert, postmaster. At Diamond, White Pine county, Nevada; Lyman L. Higby, postmaster. At Paeville, Washoe county, Nevada; Robert F. Hoy, postmaster. At Tybo, Nye county, Nevada; Charles Garrett, postmaster. At Lewis, Tocele county, Nevada; B. F. Shaw, postmaster. At Puyallup, Pierce county, Washington Territory; Darius M. Ross, postmaster. Offices discontinued.—Newbern, Linn county, Oregon. Postmasters appointed: John R. Stanley, at Lower Lake, Lake county, California. William F. Collins, at Loyalton, Sierra county, California. John Spencer, at McMinnville, Yamhill county, Oregon. J. Katz, at San Juan, Whatcom county, Washington Territory. Postal service has been increased from three to six times a week between Ukiah and Arcata, Humboldt county, California. The service has also been increased from two to six times a week from Senta Rosa to Fishermans' Bay, to Navarro Ridge.

WASHINGTON, September 6.—During a recent visit to Washington by Senator Chandler, Chairmen of the Republican National Congressional Committee, it was agreed to aid and support a call for a Convention of Republicans of the Southern States, to meet at Atlanta, on the 12th of October. It is expected that the most thoughtful, wise and fair-minded men from each State will be appointed as delegates to the Conventton, the object being to set forth to the Nation the true condition of the South, and suggest reforms necessary to secure a perfect reconstruction of those States. It is expected that the President, Vice President, and others of national reputation, will be present. Owing to the short notice, it is agreed that the Executive Committees of each of the Southern States, or their Chairman, may appoint delegates. This movement has the endorsement and co-operation of prominent Republicans in all sections.

NEW YORK, September 7.—The answer of Beecher to the complaint of Tilton was received to-day by Beecher's attorneys, and was at once served on the plaintiff, together with notice of trial for the term of court beginning on the third Monday in September. Defendant answers to the complaint, first, that each and every allegation, in said complaint contained, except that the plaintiff and Miss Elizabeth Richards were married October 2d, 1855, and lived together as husband and wife up to 1874, is utterly false. Second, that the defendant never had, at any time, or at any place, unchaste or improper relations with the wife of plaintiff, and never attempted or sought to have any such relations.

TWIN MOUNTAIN (N. H.), September 6.—Beecher praached here to-day to another very large audience, special trains bringing over 1,000 hearers. His discourse was mainly historical. No allusion was made to the scandal, though at times during his remarks Mr. Beecher appeared to be very much affected, his voice faltering and his eyes were filled with tears.

MEMPHIS, September 6.—A Trenton special to the Appeal says Governor Brown has arrived there to assist in bringing to justice the murderers of the negro prisoners taken from the jail there. It is asserted that ten of the prisoners escaped, but, though no trace of their bodies has been found, the report lacks confirmation.

WASHINGTON, September 6.—The National Monument Association reports a gratifying success in its appeal for subscriptions. Responses from secret societies and military organizations are particularly encouraging, and the Secretary is sanguine of the success of the enterprise during the Centenial year by this means.

NEW YORK, September 7.—John L. Nutter a young man residing at Jersey City Heights, appeared before Justice Aldrige to day and charged James Dunn, John Gordon, and other persons connected with the Rev. J. S. Glendening's church, with having tried to induce him, by threats of exposing him in relation to an alleged case of larceny, to swear that he was the father of Mary E Pomeroy's child. The publication of his affidavit by the local papers has renewed the interest in the scandal.

WASHINGTON September 7.—Since the murder of Ivy, Route Agent on the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad, several route agents in the South have asked leave of absence, and some decline to run any longer on the routes.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PARIS, September 6,—Victor Hugo has written a letter declining the invitation to attend the Peace Congress at Geneva. He says peace cannot be established until another war has been fought between France and Germany; he points to the existence of a deep and undying hatred between the two countries, and declares that they will be a duel between the principles of monarchy and a republic.

CALCUTTA, September 5.—Favorable rains have fallen during the past week, and the crop prospects are fair everywhere except in the Hoogly district. The Government is in hopes of being able to close its relief operations in fifteen districts by October next, but ten other districts will still require help for an indefinite period.

MADRID, September 6.—Gen. Dominguez has arrived at Puigcerda, after defeating the Carlists under Sebalis. The Republicans suffered heavily. The town is crowded with wounded. The Carlists were attacked while retreating from Puigcerdo and lost 700 killed and wounded.

BAYONNE, September 6.—Carlist advices report that desperate fighting has been going on for three days between Castilla and Pobla, in Catalonia, and that the Republican losses are very heavy.

PARIS, September 6.—There were serious disturbances at Meze, in the Department of Herault, on the fourth of September, the anniversary of the establishment of the Republic. General D' Armes fired on the rioters, of whom one was killed and nine wounded. Reinforcements of infantry and Cavalry were immediately ordered to Meze, and they entered the town yesterday. No further trouble is apprehended. Slight disturbances are reported at other places on the 4th, and at Lyons several arrests were made.

MADRID, September 5.—Gen. Primo de Rivas has been appointed Captain General of Madrid.

FRIEDBURG, Sept 6.—A Congress of Old Catholics met in this city to day, Dr. Shulze presiding. One hundred and thirty delegates attended the opening session. The United States were represented by Chancery Langdon. The President announced that Dr. Dollinger had summoned a Conference of the Evangelical Greek and Anglican clergy at Bonn the 14th instant.

SANTANDAR, September 6.—The German men-of war "Nautilus" and "Albatross" returned to this port last evening from San Sebastian. Some Carlists fired on them from Genterari, ten miles west of San Sebastian, to which the Germans replied by throwing twenty four shells into the town.

LONDON, September 6—5:30 A.M—Mario, the famous tenor, has been arrested at Venice for violation of the Press laws. His residence has been searched, and he has been taken to Turin for examination.

LONDON, September 6.—A dispatch from Shanghai roports that the difficulty between China and Japan, in regard to Formosa, has been settled.

BRUSSELS, September 6—The Spanish Minister to Belgium has presented his credentials.

MADRID, September 6.—It is said that Serrano will take command of the Army of the North.

LISBON, September 7.—The Portuguese Minister of the Interior has issued notice that Arabian ports are the Red Sea are infected with plague.

PARIS, September6.—*L' Univers* has been suspended for two months, for publishing an artible against President Serrano.

JULES SIMON, in a speech at Rheims to-day, urged a dissolution of the Assembly.

LONDON, September 7.—The work of laying the direct cable from the Irish to the American coast has begun, and a dispatch from the steamer *Farraday*, dated the 6th, states that they are in latitude 50 degress 51 minutes, longitude 17 degrees 34 minutes, that the insulation is perfect, and that everything is working satisfactorily.

BERLIN, September 8th.—It is reported that an order will soon be issued, expelling from Prussia all foreign priests, monks and nuns.

HAVANA, September 8th.—The Captain-General has commuted the death sentence of the rebel leaders Beancourt, Jimenez, and Rodas.

HAVANA, September 9th—Calexto Garcia, the rebel chief, was not killed at Garabay, as reported previously, but was taken prisoner with three officers of his staff, and they have been brought to Mazatlan, where they will be tried by court-martial.

THE "Times" says De Lesseps has abandoned his Central Asian railway project.

LIVERPOOL, September 9th—A collision occurred in the Mersey to-day between the Spanish steamer "Tomas" and the Anchor Line steamer "Alexandria." The latter sunk, and the "Tomas" was badly damaged.

MADRID, September 9th.—Some Carlists recently fired on a train of cars, believing that the Austrian and German Ambassadors were passengers. The driver and stoker of the train were killed.

GENERAL LAZERNA has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the North, and Generals Loma and Seballos Commander of divisions.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1874.

THE DYING GIRL.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

From a Munster vale they brought her,
From the pure and balmy air,
An Ormond peasant's daughter,
With blue eyes and golden hair.
They brought her to the city,
And she faded slowly there,
Consumption has no pity
For blue eyes and golden hair.

When I saw her first reclining,
Her lips were moved in prayer,
And the setting sun was shining
On her loosened golden hair.
When our kindly glances met her,
Deadly brilliant was her eye,
And she said that she was better,
While we knew that she must die.

She speaks of Munster valleys,
The patron, dance and fair,
And her thin hand feebly dallies
With her scattered golden hair.
When silently we listened
To her breath with quiet care,
Her eyes with wonder glistened,
And she asked us what was there.

The poor thing smiled to ask it,
And her pretty mouth laid bare,
Like gems within a casket,
A string of pearlets rare.
We said that we were trying
By the gushing of her blood,
And the time she took in sighing,
To know if she were good.

Well, she smil'd and chatted gayly,
Tho' we saw in mute despair
The hectic brighter daily,
And the death-dew on her hair.
And oft her wasted fingers
Beating time upon the bed,
O'er some old tune she lingers,
And she bows her golden head.

At length the harp is broken
And the spirit in its strings,
As the last decree is spoken,
To its source exulting springs.
Descending swiftly from the skies,
Her guardian angel came,
He struck God's lightning from her eyes,
And bore him back the flame.

Before the sun had risen
Thro' the lark-loved morning air,
Her young soul left its prison,
Undefiled by sin or care.
I stood beside the couch in tears
Where pale and calm she slept,
And tho' I've gaz'd on death for years,
I blush not that I wept.
I check'd with effort pity's sighs,
And left the matron there,
To close the curtains of her eyes,
And bind her golden hair.

Injurious Misrepresentations.

The New York *Times*, in a recent number, gives vent to some oracular utterances upon the Chinese problem in California, which, like nearly all Eastern comments upon this question, is a curious jumble of ignorance and prejudice. It declares that the feeling against the Chinese has been created by blatent demagogues, and that it only exists in the breasts of roughs and idlers, thieves and vagabonds. With a gleam of common sense, it admits that the Chinaman is not altogether a desirable addition to society—that "he works cheaply because he lives meanly, does not build a tidy cottage, nor beautify his home, nor take pride in the comely and decent appearance of his wife and children," and adds that it is not natural that a laborer of the better class should be pleased to have him for a colleague and competitor. But, nevertheless, the *Times* asserts that unnatural as it may be, such laborers (that is, the industrious and respectable ones) do believe in giving John a fair chance. He is only objected to by the blatant demagogues, the idlers, and the viscious. These classes, according to the *Times*, make a constant habit of assaulting and killing Chinamen; and to their training in this, and to the existence of what it calls "laws against apprenticeship," it attributes the development of the hoodlum element in San Francisco. We cannot blame the *Times*, whose writers have probably never seen California, for these misstatements are but the echo of misrepresentations made by our own papers. But the constant misrepresentations, which form public opinion at the East upon this subject, are the greatest obstacles in the way of procuring such legislation as will prevent this Chinese curse from taking deep root among us. The truth is—and if we had not journals here which, in their effort to toady to the viler instincts of capital, constantly misrepresent facts, it would be known at the East as well as here—that the most efficient cause of hoodlumism is not any law against apprenticeship, but the fact that the cheap labor of Chinese has made it to a very large extent impossible for our boys to get regular employment; and that so far from the opposition to Chinese immigration being confined to hoodlums and thieves, this class care nothing about it, while the strongest and deepest opposition is among the very class in which the *Times* says it is natural that it should exist—the hard working, industrious mechanics, with wives to support and children to educate, who are brought into competition with the Chinese in the labor market.—*S. F. Evening Post.*

INTERESTING, IF TRUE.—Several years ago, while the Tom Thumb troupe were travelling through New York, the cash box, containing several hundred dollars of the funds, was stolen. Mr. William P. Miller, who was then treasurer of the troupe, suspected a girl who was employed at the hotel in the place where they then were, and his suspicions were further confirmed by her sudden disappearance. He managed, however, to get track of her after some time had elapsed and worked up the case so well that she confessed to him that she had taken the money to purchase a wedding outfit, and that the marriage was soon to take place. She refunded half of the stolen money, and Mr. Miller decided not to prosecute her for the balance. Shortly after she married a wealthy English gentleman, who was engaged in the lumber business in Chicago. Not many years had elapsed when her husband died, leaving her all his property. A few months ago she also died, and in her will she left to Mr. Miller the sum of $300,000, as an expression of her gratitude for not having prosecuted her when in his power.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

NO BELL can ring so loudly as a good advertisement. People will believe what they see rather than what they hear.

THE new way to fish is by exploding giant-powder under water.

Old Country View of American Base Ball.

The attendance at Lord's Cricket Ground on Monday afternoon to see the debut of the American Base Ball Players was even unexpectedly good; the strangers themselves must have been surprised at the enthusiasm which brought so many "Britishers" to the ground, and elicited from them such hearty applause and such an appreciation of the game. It was, indeed, very remarkable to see how soon the spectators mastered the science of a match so new to most of them. The circumstance was mainly owing, no doubt, to the similarity of base ball to a game familiar to many private schools, though not to any of the great public 'schools, which rejoices in the less dignified name of "rounders." There can be no doubt that the "American national game," as base ball is generally, and it seems quite justifiably called, is a mere development of this ancient boyish amusement. Many will maintain that cricket itself is an offshoot from the same original, and there are no doubt elements of great similarity which make such a conclusion far from improbable. The main features of the game have already been described in many London papers. The name, or rather the first and least intelligible half of it, is derived from the bases, which serve the purpose of wickets at cricket. There are four of these, placed at the four angles of a square, and joined to one another by a broad line or crease marked in whiting on the turf. It is along this line that the players run, passing from base to base all round the four sides of the square, and apparently scoring something for each journey. The bases themselves consists of small squares of canvas pinned down on to the turf, and have a very curious appearance at a distance, few of those present being able to discover unassisted what they were made of or how they were kept in place. The principal base is that at which the batsman stands, and it was pitched on Monday at the southwest corner of the ground, near the pavilion and members seats, so that the batsman stood facing the greater portion of the ground, and with his back to the pavilion. Immediately opposite him, at a distance of about 15 yards, stood the bowler or "pitcher," whose duty it is to pitch up the ball to the striker. This is done with a peculiar jerking action, which, but for the strange jerk, would be like underhand bowling. The delivery is what is called in cricket a full pitch, or in rackets a volley, and the batsman stands to receive it with his bat raised above his shoulder. It is not necessary to take the first ball, and occasionally there are several deliveries, without an attempt at a strike. When the ball is once struck however, the blow is usually a forcible one. It gives a sharp click, quite unlike that made by a tennis or racket ball. A very large proportion, in fact almost all, of the hits are skyers, or at least rise high into the air, and it is the great object of the fielders, who are distributed around the bases at short or long distances, to catch the ball before it reaches the ground. If they cannot do this it becomes a matter of fielding, as at cricket, and the the ball is returned as quickly as possible to the "first baseman,' who performs the duty of the wicket keeper. As the striker often gets only to the base first removed from him, he has to remain there while one of his comrades takes the bat, and then at the hazard of being stumped out, makes his way on to the other bases in succession. The most frequent manner of getting out was by being caught in the field, almost every hit giving a chance, more or less practicable. The whole side, consisting of nine, is usually out in less than a half an hour—sometimes in a very few minutes. August 2nd, there had been three innings between the commencement and half past four o'clock, and it was, of course anybody's game, as there were still six innings to be played. Both sides wore similar uniforms, consisting of white flannel shirts and caps and knickerbockers; but the Boston men wore stockings and belts of scarlet, while the Philadelphians wore the same garments in blue. The batting appeared to be excellent, as was undoubtedly the fielding; and some of the catches made elicited immense applause, especially a left handed catch "over the bowlers head," made by the Philadelphia centrefield." The only weak point, or what appeared to an outsider the weakest point was the throwing, which seemed a little wild. as each of the four fielders nearest to the batsman had to act as a sort of wicket keeper, it will easily be understood how important an incident is first-rate fielding.—[Dublin Freemen.

"Something Yet."

Meetings and speeches may all be good in their way, but they are short lived, and too often the good they do "dies with them."

If the people are contented with this, we regret it, and cannot be contented with such a people. Political agitation may be sometimes necessary, but the people which lives upon that alone runs a narrow risk of being demoralized.

We do not write with a railing spirit, or without willingresss to remedy what is wanting. There are now numerous clubs which have been formed, in connection with the Home Rule movement; we propose that they should not be mere political but educational centres. Our columns are crowded with their names. We wish we could believe that their rooms were as crowded with books.

To take an intelligent interest in the affairs of one's country is the duty of all good citizens. In order that the interest should be intelligent something more is needed than mere debating. Education is required, and a mind faithful to its highest destinies is always open to education. To think with accuracy, to speak with weight upon what Ireland was, is, or may be, it is not enough to listen to some brilliant rhetorician and to be able to cite BRIAN BORUMHA or perorate about the Green Flag.

That may enable us, as a Latin author says, to make a declamation that shall please boys. It will do little more. We grant that it may vivify the mind and freshen the heart of the toiling artisan, and inspire an audience with some vague general notions of nationality. But men rise to better things by the steps of study. Mental work alone can properly shape and brighten the rough diamond of the uncultured mind. Thoughts are required to mould and to polish it, for mind alone can act on mind, as diamond alone can grind the facets of the diamond.

If the Home Rule Clubs become centres of educational work, they may pass away. It will remain in progress made, in minds chiselled into superior form, in ives shaped to nobler ends and higher purposes. All those who frequented them will be raised above the former level of their existence, and will each of them tend to elevate those around him, by the simple but strong influence of example.—[Dublin Irishman.

MEMBERS of the Plymouth Church are contributing to a fund for the relief of Mrs. Tilton, and already $1,700 have been collected.

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$2 Calf Shoes, Misses, for	1 50
$1 50 Kid Slippers, Misses, for	1 00
$2 50 Full Scalloped Goat, Misses, for	1 50
$3 50 Peb Goat, Buttoned, Misses, for	2 50
$1 Cloth Slippers, Misses, for	50
$1 75 Calf Shoes, Children, for	1 25
$5 Box Toe Gaiters, Gents, for	3 50
$7 Alexis Ties, Gents, for	5 00
$4 French Calf Boots, Gents, for	3 00
$3 50 Sewed Congress Gaiter, Gents, for	2 50
$4 Alexis Ties, Boys, for	2 00

We are determined to close out twenty thousand dollars worth of Boots and Shoes during this month, and sacrifices may be looked for. The public and our customers sh ll have the benefit. Bargains for the million at NOLAN BROS., No. 11 Third street, first shoe store from Market. au15tf

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This will be under the management of

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Under the auspicies of some of the leading Catholics of this City.

First Prize—A most magnificent Banner set in jewels and pearls, with tapestry centre representing St. Patrick blessing the Irish Nation. Size 9 by 7 feet. Made specially by the Nuns of Kenmare. The value of this banner has been declared by a competent judge to be $5,000. This banner will be offered to the Societies to vote for it.

Second Prize—A magnificent Limerick Lace Bridal Dress, Veil and Opera Cloak, with a tiara of Irish diamonds, necklets and bracelets, etc. Value, $1,500.

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Sixth Prize—A magnificent Black Limerick Lace Tunic, with body trimmings and Lace Shawl to match, Value, $300.

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Ninth Prize—Model of an Ancient Irish Harp, in Killarney bog oak, studded with Irish diamonds. Value, $150.

Also, 740 other prizes, including several Gold Watches, pieces of Silk, Oil Paintings, Writing Cases, etc., all of which are Irish manufacture, and varying in value from ten to five hundred dollars.

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Any person disposing of twenty tickets will receive in return, free of cost, a large-sized magnificent photograph of the Nun of Kenmare.

NOTICE.—Any person disposing of sixty tickets will be presented with a free ticket for a special drawing of all prizes, the lowest of which will be valued at twenty dollars.

In order to give charitably-disposed parties more confidence, most of the prizes have been already brought out, and will be exhibited in some of the leading cities, in order that the people may see that the Nun of Kenmare has spared no pains to make this in every way worthy of the very generous and good-hearted people of the United States.

Mr. Laurence O'Neill Fogarty has been entrusted with the entire management, and will remain in America until all is completed. He takes the place of other agents whom, for various reasons, Sister M. F. Clare has been obliged to discontinue.

Tickets may be had from the Convent direct, or from Laurence O'Neill Fogarty, care of C. H. Callahan, Esq., 48 State street, Boston, Mass; or from office of this paper.

The winning numbers, with the names of those who have secured prizes, will be published in the daily papers the day after the drawing; also in the *American Gael, Irish World, Pilot, Leader, Sentinel* and NATIONALIST. au22tf

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The tone of the magazine will be influenced by the firm conviction of the right of the people to govern themselves, and that a republican form of government alone guarantees and secures national and popular independence, and further that Irishmen aspiring to self-government should warmly sympathize with the efforts of other nationalities for popular rights. It also being believed that one of the most effective methods of advancing the material welfare of the Irish race is by the advancement of the social and political importance of the Irish-American element, the magazine will warmly, energetically support measures or interests calculated to benefit the Irish element in the United States as a whole, and to centralize the influence of that element for the greatest good to the greatest number.

The magazine will be issued in large quarto form with paper cover. THE IRISH NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

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Copartnership Notice.

THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing under the firm name of WARDE, GILLERAN & CO. is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Gilleran retiring. All accounts due the house will be collected, and all debts of the house will be settled by the remaining members of the firm, and the business will be carried on as heretofore at 308 Battery street, San Francisco, under the firm name of M. WARDE & CO.

M. WARDE.
WM. GILLERAN.

San Francisco, August 20th, 1874. s29tf

Having purchased Mr. Gilleran's interest in the above business, we, the undersigned, will continue the wholesale liquor business at 308 Battery street. To the patrons of Warde Gilleran & Co., as well as to our own friends, we would respectfull say that they can rely upon having their interests in our line of business properly attended to whenever they see fit to call upon us.

DAVID NEELY,
M. WARDE.

s29tf

Another European War.

A strange fate has set Spain before the world in recent times, as the cause of great wars, without being herself strong in battle. Formerly, first among the nations of Europe, she strode sublime to conquest and adventure, and now, even in her fallen state, her throes have power to shake the Continent and set empires in a death struggle.

Our fathers saw one; we have seen another, and are likely to see an imminent third.

It is a marvellous coincidence that the name of Prussia stands in connection with that of Spain, in the three cases.

When Napoleon the Great, after the campaign of Austerlitz, and the Battle of the Three Emperors had broken down the power of the forces combined by English gold intrigue, the Germanic Empire ceased, The Austrian Kaiser resigned the title of Emperor of Germany, and bounded his claim by his Austrian Dominions. Napoleon placed one brother on the throne of Naples, the other on that of Holland, and declared himself Mediator of Switzerland, and protector of the Confederation of the Rhine. Recognized by Austria as King of Italy, Prussia was compelled to give him up some of her possessions as principalities for his generals, Berthier and Murat.

This sting impelled her to another effort, and her King, Frederick William, strove to form a new Hanseatic League, in order to oppose a German Coalition to Napoleon's serried array. The Great Conqueror had no mind to wait for its completion; he sternly forbade it, and when, incited by England and sustained by Russia, the Prussian King rose in arms, Napoleon bore down upon him as an Eagle upon a Hawk. He smote the Prussian forces at Jena, and seven days after seized the Prussian capital, and from Berlin itself he decreed that famous Continental Blockade, by which he cut England off from all communion with the Continent.

England was the prime mover in the wars against him, her gold and her intrigues raised him up hordes of enemies, and, as Trafalgar had gone against him, and taught him not to hope for success upon the seas, he conceived the bold idea of making those very seas the prison bounds of England. It is true that after Berlin was captured, Russia held out—but not for long. Following up her forces, he fought a doubtful fight at Eylau, but conquered completely at Friedland. Then was the peace of Tilsitt signed, on the 8th July, 1807, by which all the high contracting parties declared their adhesion to the Continental Blockade. England's allies were forced to turn against her, and sworn in as sperial constables to keep her commerce out of all the ports of Europe. Four new kingdoms, the feudatories of Imperial France were created, in Bavaria. Wurtemburg, Saxony, and Westphalia. In the latter, the fourth brother of Napoleon was placed to reign, whilst another of his generals, Bernadotte, became King of Sweeden.

The Continental Blockade was a stern political sentence of Major Excommunication pronounced against England. By this decree, first fulminated from Berlin, and confirmed at Tilsitt, all correspondence with England was forbidden, all ships coming from an English or Colonial port were excluded from European harbors, all English merchandise was to be confiscated, and all British subjects, wherever they might be, were to be arrested as prisoners of war.

England was to be treated as an outlaw.

The Spanish Peninsula, however, became cause of a new great and disastrous war. Portugal was bound up with treaties by England, which treated it as a dependency, and made it refuse to close its ports. Queen Maria, Don Pedro's widow, had gone mad; the Prince fled to Brazil. Napoleon sent Junot into Portugal, and resolving to make an end of all the Bourbon line, whose sympathies were with his foes, he despatched Murat into Spain.

On what pretext? To put an end to civil war. Precisely, be it remarked, the same pretext which the German Emperor now employs to excuse his interference in Spanish affairs.

King Carlos had been compelled by his son Ferdinand to abdicate in his favor, in March, 1808. Napoleon called them both to Bayonne, and, inducing them both to sigh renunciations of the Crown, sent Murat to reign at Naples in place of his brother Joseph, whom he now established as King of Spain and the Indies. The proud Iberian blood rose against this manipulation of their destinies. A Junta or Assembly was formed, and a desperate war began. English intriguers there were, of course, with English gold, and soon with English troops. Guerilleros, or Spanish Rapparees held the mountains and their passes, hung upon the flanks of the French army, and harassed them terribly. Their chiefs, Mina, Renovales, Juan, the Empescinado, and the priest Merino, signalised themselves by their skill and daring against the foreigner French. Palafox and Wellington were prominent chiefs of the regular army of the combined Spanish and English forces.

Some of the bravest of the French generals were there, in the person of Dupont, Junot, Lannes, Soult, Massena, Suchet, and Marmont. Nor were their deeds unworthy of their names. Victory crowned their brows at Burgos, at Espinosa, at Tudela, at Somo-Sierra, at Oporto, and elsewhere, but the soil, the climate, the whole population fought against them. Rugged mountain and narrow gorge, wasted plain, deserted hamlets, devasted crops and broken roads—all, all were against them. Nature and man gave them desperate defiance. To these they succumbed. At Baylen Dupont capitulated; at Cintra, Junot. King Joseph, himself, was defeated at Talavera, Marmont at Salamanca; and whilst Massena and Soult fruitlessly invaded Portugal, Wellington entered Madrid, the Spanish capital, in 1842.

'Twas a terrible campaign. Lasting for five frightful years, it devoured almost half a million of French, Germans, Italian and Polish soldiers, not to speak of Britons and Spaniards. Nevertheless, had not Napoleon been forced himself to strike down Austria, and encounter a new coalition, the result would most probably have been different.

We cannot regret, however, that Spanish patriotism was victorious. We trust it may be so once more, now that another Emperor, flushed with recent victories, seems resolved to thrust his sword into a Spanish quarrel, with the undoubted hope of carving out some vast advantage for himself.

Interference by Prussia in Spanish affairs, though that interference was by intrigue and not by force, gave rise to the last great Franco-German war. No man, versed in politics, can be so fond as to imagine that Spain pitched upon one particular German Prince, selecting him from out a crowd, without having had her mind guided and her hand directed by that prince's master, the Prussian King. Napoleon the Third could not indulge in such a dream, and considered himself compelled to stop the ambitious project at the outset. This was done, and would have been well done, had he been wise enough to let well alone. But to insist on a promise that, in future, no such project would be entertained, was to insist on a needless humiliation, in addition to the check already suffered. The promise would not have bound Prussia longer than she felt herself unable to break it.

Now, Prussia resumes her interference, and we soon shall see the consequences of her vaulting ambition, which have been slowly worked out before, while France was strong, but which will now run fast and high.

The tidings that come of Germany's intention to interfere now in the affairs of Spain tell no real news. The intention is not novel—it is of old date. The means, the chance, the opportunity, the specious pretext, these now are found, and now at once made use of. If it were otherwise, if the intention were of to-day, one might still believe that Germany might be led not to meddle, but that expectation loses all likelihood when we have to note an old and deliberate plan, now in the way of execution.

Various pretexts are put forward, but they are set out greatly whether they were trusted or not. She is too strong in arms to need so much strength in intrigue. A conqueror's sword cares little for plausible pretexts.

'Tis true, there is a civil war, and 'tis pity—but gives to Germany no more right to meddle than it gives to Denmark, or to Turkey, to Austria, Russia, or any other Power in Europe. There is no reason why Germany should stand forth before the others, except that she feels herself strong enough to overlook their disapprobation, and grasping enough not to let the chance of self-aggrandisement pass. France denies having interfered to assist the Carlists. If French Bourbonists have so meddled, it is open to German anti-Bourbonists to counter-meddle, but not to Germany as a whole to stir.

The Spanish civil war is a sad event—the German intervention may prove a terrible one. From the first we carelessly, negligently, held aloof and look as if Germany minded not that the Carlists were wrong to stir up sedition and revolt against the Republican Government, peacefully established and peacefully existing. Now, they have the further responsibility of furnishing a pretext for interference to an alien Power which cannot meddle without great injury to the land she touches.

The Theory of Comets.

The following novel and ingenious theory of comets is proposed in the last number of "Iron:"

"Comets are supposed to consist of thin vapors of gases, held together by the mutual attraction of their particles. Like all bodies so circumstanced, they necessarily assume the spherical form; and therefore the common notion that they consist of a comparatively small and bright nucleus, and an immensely long and illuminated tail, evidently derived from its appearance in the heavens, cannot for a moment be entertained. That their spherical form, as shown by the reflected light of the sun, would scarcely be discernable at the distance of our earth, even though the comet were as dense as the densest cloud of our atmosphere, would not be surprising; but if their attenuation as described by Sir John Herschell be considered, all wonder ceases. Sir John Herschell says, 'That the most unsubstantial clouds which float in the highest regions of our atmosphere, and seem at sunset to be drenched in light and to glow throughout their whole depth as if in actual ignition, without any shadow or dark side, must be looked upon as dense and massive bodies, compared with the filmy and all but spiritual texture of a comet. Owing to this extreme tenuity of matter the rays of the sun's light, as reflected by it, are absolutely invisible to the inhabitants of the earth; but the other rays, penetrating into the centre of the comet, are refracted by this powerful lens of twenty millions of leagues diameter into the focus which forms the nucleus of the comet, where there is, perhaps, a greater concentration of rays of light than anywhere else, not in the body of the sun. Thence this large body of concentrated light, streaming in a narrow path through the remaining half of the comet, in a direction opposite to that of the sun, forms that splendid appendage called the tail. It seem scarcely necessary to point out that this mode of viewing a comet accounts for the circumstance of the tail being always in opposition to the sun, whether in advancing or receding. Also for the wonderful celerity shown by the tail in turning round the sun when the comet is in perihelion, and for the rapidity with which the comet darts out its tail after the perihelion passes. It explains, also, on the principle of the liberation of light, the bend which the tails of some comets have towards the region they have left, also the absence of a solid nucleus, and the non-obscuration of the stars by the body of the comet. If the conjecture be correct that the nucleus of a comet is near its centre, and that the comet extends in every direction round the nucleus to as great a distance, at least, as the length of the tail, then it follows that at this present moment the sun is feasting on our comet, and that when it emerges from his embraces a few days hence it will have suffered some diminution of size."

THE TREES OF KILLARNEY.—Writing from the Lakes of Killarney a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "The mountain sides are covered with a fine growth of trees, among which noble specimens of the larch, which will furnish many a fine spar for the English navy, are most noticeable. In the cloister of Muckross Abbey a yew ten feet six inches in circumference, and the highest in Europe, is shown to the visitor. The purple or copper beech, as it is called, at Killarney does not seem to thrive. The ordinary beech of the country is a fine tree, but of different shape from the tree of the same name in America On the beautiful island of Innisfallen there is a most remarkable grove of trees. A holly, the largest known, has a trunk of the incredible size of fourteen feet in circumference. A thorn of immense size is near by, whose spreading branches cover a circumference of 140 feet. An ash, with a trunk twenty-one feet in circumference, is another notable tree. The ash known as the Friar's Grove is a peculiarly interesting curiosity on the same island. It has grown in an unaccountable manner over a tomb, and its roots strike both sides of the stone, which can be seen by looking under the base of the tree."

Sir W. Lawson was frank enough to say, in the British Parliament, that English commerce with the natives of Africa means "rum and gunpowder; English civilization means extirpation."

Business Directory.

☞ We have compiled the following Business Directory from the advertisements in this paper; it will be found a convenient reference for intending purchasers, both in city and country, in almost every branch of goods. As none but the most respectable house advertise in the NATIONALIST, each customer may rest assured o corteous treatment and good value:

AMUSEMENTS.
California Theatre, Bush street, above Kearny.

ALE AND PORTER.
Edw. C. Slorah, 708 Sansome, near Jackson st.

BOOKS & STATIONERS.
H. S. Croker, cor Sacramento and Sansome sts.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
M F Walsh, 905½ Market street, corner Fifth.
Thos Healy, 677 Mission street, near Third.
Stephen Thomas, 142 Fourth street.
William O'Connell, 818 Howard street (Irish-American Hall).
John Leddy, 123 Fourth, corner Minna street.
Nolan Bros, 11 Third street.
A. McNamara, 12 Fifth street
California Association, 19 Third street.

BANKING.
Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, N E corner Montgomery and Market streets.

BRASS AND STEAM FITTERS.
Weed & Kingwell, California Brass Works, 125 First street.
Dixon Bros, Steam and Gas Fitters, 406 Montgomery street.

CUTLERY.
M Price, store 415 Kearny street; factory, 10 Stevenson street.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
B C Duffy, 950 Market street, corner Powell.
Brooklyn Hotel cigar stand, Bush street.
Gordon & Burke, 843 Market street.
S. Van Praag, 30 Montgomery st.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
J O'Connor, 59 Clay street, corner Drumm.
McKenna & Greany, west side Drumm, between Clay and Washington.
Getz Bros & Co, 513 Front st.

CONFECTIONERS,
Pellet & Fisher, 403 Davis street, between Washington and Jackson.

DRY GOODS.
John O Talbot & Co, 28 Kearny street.
E. Supple, 838 Market st.

DENTISTS.
Dr S H Roberts, 142½ Fourth street, near Howard.

FLOURING MILLS, &c.
John Bigley, Eureka Mills, 210 Sacramento street.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
Isaac Selig, 218 Kearny street bet Bush and Sutter.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
P Kelly, N E cor Fourth and Minna streets.
P Hartigan, 164 First street, cor Howard also. N E cor Twelfth and Folsom streets.
John J Reardon, cor Third and Everett streets, bet Mission and Howard.
P T Flynn & Son, cor Howard and Eighth streets.
John A. Lennon, 313 Clay street.
Toner & Horgan, Stalls 13 & 14 Grand Central Market.

HATTERS,
Fernandez & Aguirre, 329 Montgomery st.

HORSE SHOERS,
Donohue & Co., 8 Everett street, near 3d.
J. Dunne, 817 Market st.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.
Washington Hotel, 519 Mission street, bet First and Second.
Montgomery's Hotel, 227 and 229 Second street.
Manhattan House, 704 and 707 Front street, bet Pacific and Broadway.
South End Oyster House, 672 Howard street, near Third.
Golden Eagle Hotel, 402, 404 and 406 Broadway street.
Central Hotel, 814 and 816 Sansome street.
New Franklin House, 321 Pacific street.
Broadway Hotel, 212 Broadway.
Western Hotel, 214 and 216 Broadway.

LAW.
P Cummins, Rooms 14 and 15 Court Block, and 641 Merchant street.
M Whaling, Room 17 Downey Block, Los Angeles, Cal.
M Cooney, Room No. 7 Court Block, and 636 Clay st.
John Burke Phillipps, Dunbar Alley, rear City Hall.

LIVERY STABLES.
R Dowling, 610 Howard street, bet Second and New Montgomery.
San Rafael Livery and Sale Stables, Fourth street, San Rafael, Marin county, Cal.

MEDICAL.
Paul M Brenan, 127 Montgomery street.
Dr Aborn, 213 Geary street.
Dr J D Callaghan, 853 Folsom Street.
Dr Doherty, 519 Sacramento st, cor Leidesdorff.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
John Kavanagh, 15 New Montgomery street, (Grand Hotel).
M Short, 527 Commercial st, cor Leidesdorff.
Kenny & Sheahan, 24 Third st.
P. S. Malony, 218 Bush st.

MILLINERS.
Mrs. Dillon & Kenealy, 30 Third street, bet Mission and Market.

MIRRORS, PICTURES, &C.
D Drady, 243 Fourth street, bet Howard and Folsom.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Barton's Yeast Powder, manufactory 211 and 213 Sacramento street.
Philadelphia Brewery, Second street, near Folsom.
Wm J Blythe, Band Master 3d Irish Regt, N G C.
Lafayette Brewery, 725 Second street.
Alameda Carriage Factory, cor. Santa Clara and St Mary sts, San Jose.
South Park Market, 432 Third st.
P. S. Malone, Official Short-hand Reporter, Room 10 Knox Block, San Jose.
Woods & Cox, House and Sign Painters, 617 Mission st.
John Ward, Asphaltum Roofer, S. W. cor Third and Stevenson sts.
Mark Bradley, American Bakery, St. John's street, San Jose.

NOTARIES PUBLIC.
H C Blake, 333 Montgomery street.

POWDER.
Giant Powder, 210 Front street.

PRINTING HOUSES.
John H Carmany & Co, 409 Washington street.
Cosmopolitan Printing Co, 505 Clay street.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.
Snow & May's Art Gallery.

REAL ESTATE.
Murray, White & Co, Rooms 33, 34 and 330 Pine st.

SEWING MACHINES.
Buckland Sewing Machine, cor Greenwich and Cortland streets, New York.

STOVES AND TINWARE.
J. M. Bryan, 130 3d street.

UNDERTAKERS.
James McGinn, 717 Market street.
Flanagan & Gallagher, 834 Market street.

WINES AND LIQUORS.
P F Brady, 610 Market street, and 11 Post street.
P J Tannian, 24 Third street.
Daly & Ward, 311 Sacramento street, bet Front and Davis.
Yate's Branch Saloon, cor Third and Market streets.
Fredericksburg Eintracht Saloon, 546 California street.
Michael Ryan, 134 Fourth street, bet Minna and Howard.
J H Dougherty, 515 California street.
Jas Irwin, Merchants' Exchange, California st.
Celtic Club House, T F Baines, 1022 Market street.
Thomas Callan, S. E. cor. Merchant and Montgomery.
Warde, Gillerans & Co, 303 Battery st.
John Kenny, 515 Front st.
Fischten & Steinkamp, S. E. cor. Battery and Sacramento sts.
Lyman Rafferty & Co, 416 Battery st.
John C. Morrison, Jr, 316 Sacramento st. and 321 Commercial st.
Connolly & Kiernan, Dunbar Alley, rear City Hall.
M J Ryan, 468 Seventh street, Oakland, Cal.
Thos O Neil, S E cor Washington and Seventh streets, Oakland, Cal.

WAGON AND CARRIAGE MAKERS.
Jackson Michigan Wagon, cor California and Davis streets.
Cunningham & Parker, 654, 654 and 658 Howard street.

We noticed an orchard the other day, says the Nevada *Transcript*, which had been planted where all the surface dirt had been washed away by mining. The trees were all growing on the bedrock. They looked thrifty and were loaded down with fruit. After the rock is exposed to the sun and weather a short time, it crumbles and forms sufficient soil to afford sustenance to trees. There are other instances where trees have been planted in similar spots, and in each case they thrive well, and the fruit is of a superior flavor.

MEDICAL.

PRIVATE MEDICAL AID
QUICK CURES
MODERATE CHARGES
DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S
PRIVATE MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE

(FOUNDED IN 1853.)

No. 519 Sacramento Street, corner of Leidesdorff street (a few doors below the What Cheer House.) Private entrance on Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of secrecy, and all sexual disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of CHRONIC DISEASES of the LUNGS, LIVER, KIDNEYS, DIGESTIVE and GENITO-URINARY ORGANS, and all private diseases, viz.: SYPHILIS, in all its forms and stages; SEMINAL WEAKNESS, and all the horrid consequences of self-abuse; GONORRHŒA, GLEET, STRICTURES, NOCTURNAL and DIURNAL EMISSIONS, SEXUAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE BACK and LOINS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER and KIDNEYS, etc., etc.; and he hopes his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment and implicit secrecy.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients, who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their re-medial agent. It will be seen their statements are fully authenticated by a Notary public.

The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity, and they are given more to warn the unwary than to sound the praises of a Physician, of whom hundreds of like cases can be cited, during a practice of more than twenty years.

A CASE OF GLEET AND STRICTURE.

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment, for your fee was small for the work performed.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I wish to say now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured, the Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years.

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunate who require medical advice, if you have any doubts as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible cures for Gonnorhœa, Gleet, etc., but never derived any benefit from them. L—— H——

I am, Doctor, very truly yours,
San Francisco, June 15th, 1864.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of June, A. D. 1864.
[L. S.] A. S. GOULD, Notary Public.

Seminal Weakness—A Sworn-to Certificate of Most Remarkable Cure of Spermatorrhœa.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, alone induces me to make this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Spermatorrhœa" or Seminal weakness, the result of self-abuse, but till 1855 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had Seminal weakness to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of vision, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused and spirits depressed. I was averse to society, had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, but reading DR. DOHERTY'S card I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor at his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the fifth of December last I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks' treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself,
JAMES JOHNSTON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of January, A. D. 1864.
[L. S.] A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is enervated, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death. All married ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the country however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherty in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. The Doctor is a regular graduate, and may be consulted with perfect confidence.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself (including the remedies,) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

Consultations at the office or by letter, FREE. Permanent cure guaranteed or no pay. Address,
W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
San Francisco, Cal.

SPERMATORRHŒA.

DR. DOHERTY has published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotency, or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the sexual organs.

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all, whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage. Address
W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
ap4tf San Francisco, Ca

LAW DIRECTORY

M. WHALING.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE—Room No. 17 Downey Block,
LOS ANGELES, CAL. jly5-t

M. COONEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
No. 7 Court Block, 636 Clay Street,
And 645 Merchant Street, bet. Kearny and Montgomery.
Residence, 312 Seventh st, SAN FRANCISCO.
ap25tf

P. CUMMINS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Rooms 14 and 15 COURT BLOCK, No. 636 Clay Street, and No. 641 Merchant street, San Francisco. ap5-tf

A. M. HESLEP,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
PRACTICES IN ALL THE COURTS, WILL GIVE special attention to Medical and Surgical Mal-Practice Cases; also, Divorce Suits, guaranteeing success where sufficient grounds of relief exist.
Offices—S. E. corner of Montgomery and Clay streets. Entrance on Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.
sept5-6m

SOLDIERS'
WAR CLAIM AGENCY,
No. 34 Montgomery Block,
SAN FRANCISCO.

W. H. AIKEN.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND COMMANDER OF THE Grand Army of the Republic in California and Nevada, will give prompt attention to the collection of Additional Travel Pay, now due California and Nevada Volunteers discharged more than three hundred miles from home. Soldiers can depend on fair dealing. Information given free of charge. When writing enclose stamp for reply and state company and regiment and whether you have a discharge. Congress has extended the time for filing claims for additional Bounty under Act of July 28, 1866, to January, 1875, so all such claims must be made before that time. Original Bounty of $100 has been allowed all volunteers who enlisted before July 22, 1861, for three years, if not paid the same when discharged. Land Warrants can be obtained for services rendered before 1855, but not for services in the late war. Pensions for late war and war of 1812 obtained and increased when allowed for less than disability warrants, but no pensions are allowed to Mexican and Florida war soldiers. State of Texas has granted Pensions to surviving veterans of Texas Revolution. New Orleans and Mobile Prize Money is now due and being paid. W. H. Aiken also attends to General Law and Collection Business. sep5-4m

NOTARIES PUBLIC AND COLLECTORS.

HENRY C. BLAKE,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
333 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.
All kinds of Instruments drawn up carefully in legal form, and at reasonable charges. Depositions taken at all hours in any part of the city.
Residence, 20½ WETMORE PLACE, (between Clay and Washington Streets. je14tf

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Dunbar Alley, Rear of City Hall,
San Francisco. je13tf

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

McKenna & Greany.,
Commission Merchants
....AND DEALERS IN....
HAY AND GRAIN.
West side of Drumm street, between Clay and Washington, San Francisco. my10-tf

J. O. Connor & Co.,
PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENTS,
59 Clay street, corner of Drumm. my10-tf

PETER J. KELLY,
SUCCESSOR TO
Lennon & Kelly,
....DEALERS IN ....
Groceries and Provisions,
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.
BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, ETC.
Southeast Corner of Fourth and Minna Streets, San Francisco. mh9-tf

MURRAY, WHITE & CO.,
CALIFORNIA LAND AND COMMISSION AGENCY,
330 Pine st, S. F., Rooms 33 and 34.
—:o:—
Choice Grain, Grazing, Timber and Mineral Lands for Sale, in quantities to suit, in all parts of California.
Collections made, loans negotiated and insurance effected on the most favorable terms.
Land from $2.50 to $5.00 per acre. jy11tf

GETZ BRO'S & CO.
Commission Merchants,
IMPORTERS AND
Wholesale Dealers in Provisions
513 Front-street, Near Washington,
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Sole Agent for the Alvarado Salt Works.
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P. M. TONER. T. HORGAN.
TONER & HORGAN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, HAMS, BACON, LARD, ETC., ETC.
13 and 14 Grand Central Market.
Particular attention paid to country consignments. All orders promptly attended to. Goods delivered free of charge. my24-tf

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1874.

"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks; it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people; it is the summary name for many things; it seeks a literature made by Irishmen and colored by our scenery, manners and characters; it desires to see Art applied to express Irish thoughts and belief; it would make our music sound in every parish at twilight, our pictures sprinkle the walls of every house, and our poetry and history sit at every hearth. It would thus create a race of men full of a more intensely Irish character and knowledge, and to that race it would give Ireland; it would give them the seas of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch on with their navy, the harbors of Ireland to receive greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland it enhance by their genius and valor. The Independence Ireland to guard by laws and arms."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom."

JOHN MITCHEL, Oct. 25th, 1853.

COUNTRY AGENTS FOR THE "IRISH NATIONALIST."

J. J. LANE.....Nortonville, Contra Costa Co
PETER KERNS.....Salinas City, Monterey Co
ARTHUR ATTRIDGE.....Watsonville, Santa Cruz Co
THOS. QUINN,.....Pino, Placer Co
MICHAEL LEONARD.....Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz Co
THOS. OAKES.....San Jose, Santa Clara Co
JOHN P. SARSFIELD.....Sacramento, Sacramento Co
JAS. CADDEN.....Julian City, San Diego Co
BERNARD McCREESH.. ..Crescent City, Del Norte Co
DANIEL HARLEY..... ..... Vallejo, Solano Co
BARTHOLOMEW COLGAN.....Virginia City, Nev
WILLIAM REDMOND.....Gold Hill, Nev
THOMAS WOGAN.....Silver City, Nev
JOHN L. REIDY..... .....Merced City, Merced Co
DANIAL F. HAYES.....Denver, Colorado.
F. M. CARROLL.....San Diego

WE would call the attention of our delinquent subscribers, to the fact that they are in our debt, and that we cannot afford to let them continue so. We use our best endeavors to give every one who takes the NATIONALIST value for their money, and at the same time to advocate the cause which we hold to be paramount—the independence of Ireland. It is on these grounds that we call, in the name of ordinary honesty, for a settlement of these long-outstanding debts. We have, this week, sent bills to all our subscribers who are delinquent, which show the amount of their indebtedness. We hope our appeal will meet with a prompt response. We strive to do *our* duty—we hope our friends will do the same.

Agents Wanted.

We are anxious to secure agencies in the various cities and towns east of the Rocky Mountains as well as in the Pacific States and Territories, and to the right parties will offer special opportunities. We would thank friends to interest themselves in aiding us to forward this end, as we are determined to make THE IRISH NATIONALIST a true exponent of Irish feelings, and solely devoted to advance the cause of an INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC ON IRISH SOIL.

☞ SOME of our hitherto delinquent subscribers have paid up—others are still in arrears. To the former we address our best thanks, to the latter our most earnest persuasions. By forwarding AT ONCE to this office the trifling amounts of your several indebtedness, you will enable us to supply you a still better paper in the future, and to make it a worthy exponent of the cause it advocates.

☞ Subscribers not receiving their paper regularly will confer a favor by informing us of the fact so that we may ascertain the cause if possible, and apply a remedy.

Postage on the Irish Nationalist.

The legal rate of postage on the IRISH NATIONALIST addressed to its regular subscribers, in the United States is 20c. per annum, or 5c per quarter payable in advance at the Post-office where it is delivered. If any higher rates are demanded, report the fact to this office.

WE would call the attention of our readers to an episode of the Irish famine, reprinted in this issue from the *Irish National Magazine*. Its literary ability, considerable though it be, is its least merit. It is as a truthful delineation of the sufferings and requirements of Ireland that we publish it, and as a salutary lesson to all who would stand in the way of her freedom.

MRS. CHANFRAU stars it on the boards of the California this week, and is well worthy of her position there. Her delineation of the title role of Tom Taylor's beautiful historical drama of "Lady Clancarty" leaves little to be desired. Lord Clancarty is worthily represented by Mr. Barton Hill, and the entire cast is excellent. The piece is one of an independent interest, enhanced by, but not borrowed from the manner in which it is acted and put on the stage. The piece is long but not tedious, the interest being well sustained. Matinee as usual on Saturday.

DR. HEALY gave an entertainment of his Hibernian Gems at Platt's Hall on Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the Father Matthew's T. A. B. Society. The hall was crowded by a large and appreciative audience, and both the views and the comic interludes were well received. Several excellent Irish songs made a pleasing feature of the entertainment. The performance lasted about two hours, and the large audience dispersed, apparently well pleased with the entertainment.

WE have to record a melancholy accident, resulting in the death of Chris. Welch, a patriotic Irishman and an esteemed and well-known citizen of San Jose. On Wednesday last Mr. Welch fell from his hayloft to the sidewalk, and survived but a few hours. He leaves a wife and children, who have the sympathy of the whole community in their sudden and terrible bereavement.

WEDNESDAY was the 25th anniversary of the admission of California into the Union. It was celebrated by a grand procession of pioneers, and the city was gaily bedight with flags. On Thursday the pioneers held a pleasant excursion on the steamer "Great Republic" beyond the heads.

"NATIONALITY IN POLITICS."

The *Daily Post*, of this city, has an article in its issue of Monday last with the above heading, in which we are severely taken to task for having dared to advise our countrymen to "act in concert for their own best interests, and not suffer themselves to be swayed and warped by momentary prejudices or by the practiced arts of cajolery and persuasion which demagogue politicians always know how at such moments (during elections) to exercise with effect." Because we advise our countrymen thus we are told that we are neither true to the country which has welcomed us, or the privileges of our citizenship. This is a serious charge, and it is necessary that it be answered in the clearest and most unmistakable manner.

Now, are the Irish-American race true to the country which has given them welcome? Answer it ye blood-manured fields of Virginia. Answer it ye thousands who on land and sea, poured out your rich life-flood that the flag of the land of your adoption might "be one again and without a seam!" *Semper et ubique fideles* was the proud motto the Kings of France thought worthy to be borne on the banners of those exiled Celts to whom she too had offered a home and a welcome, and we the Irish race in America can point proudly to our record, and say that from 1776 to the present hour we have been "ever and everywhere faithful" to the country whose free soil we tread, whose free flag floats over us

Now, in using the power we possess by electing men of our own principles to represent us, are we false to the principles of our citizenship? We answer, undoubtedly we are not. A German is free to vote for a German, a Frenchman for a Frenchman, and an Irishman for an Irishman. There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States to the contrary; all citizens are equal, and are equally eligible to hold office, and we have as good a right to elect our countrymen as to elect native Americans, although the *Post* does not appear to think so. Our contemporary speaks of our anxiety to get up an Irish party, determined to elect nobody save Irishmen to office. We are not anxious to get up any such party. Many of the best friends of the Irish cause are native Amerians, and we have no intention of injuring men who have shown a desire to serve us because they have been lucky enough to be born citizens of a free country and not under the baneful shadow of a despotic throne; but we believe that if we are ever to enjoy the rights of citizens of this glorious Republic in their fullest function, we must organize with a determination to allow no loud-voiced demagogue to turn us from the path of duty—the election of men to office who will never rest until *we are in fact and not in name free American citizens.*

It is a fact, and it becomes every Irishman to ponder it deeply, that no matter what civil rights he may acquire in this country, no matter how solemly he may have renounced his allegiance to the Government of England, THAT GOVERNMENT HOLDS HIM STILL A BRITISH SUBJECT, and if he but dares to speak a word against it in this free land of which he has become a citizen he can be arrested, tried, and sentenced to a living death the moment the ship he is on of board enters British waters, and to this infamous law the United States submit and have submitted. It is but a few short years since that an American citizen, Stephen J. Meaney, arrived in London for the purpose of placing his daughter at school, While in America he had been foremost in the ranks of those glorious spirits who having a country believed it to be worth fighting for—in short he had acted the part of a true Irishman, and that of course was quite sufficient to ensure him the full measure of English hate. A warrent was issued for his arrest, he was taken to Dublin and tried and convicted for WORDS SPOKEN AND WRITTEN ON THE FREE SOIL OF AMERICA. Our Government did not interfere although applied to, and Stephen J. Meany became an inmate of a prison cell because the English Government held and still holds that "an Irish citizen of the United States has no existence in law." For the Irishman who becomes an American citizen there are no rights as such wherever the British Flag waves. This is the bitter truth, but we must face it, we must organize that it last not much longer, and if we had nothing else to call for an organization of the Irish vote, not only in this State but in every State in the Union, this alone is quite sufficient. "*Civis Romanus Sum*" exclaimed the Roman citizen in his hour of peril and his person became sacred. "I am an American citizen," exclaims the poor Irish exile returning to the home of his fathers. "We care as much about an American citizen as we do about a dog," rejoins the chief of police as he claps the irons on his limbs and leads him to his prison cell. This is fact. Such was the reply made to one of the Irish-American Political Prisoners by a police inspector at Queenstown. That this state of the law may soon cease to exist, that the American Government be compelled to speak out and assert that their citizenship must no longer be an empty title, it behoves all Irish citizens to give their vote to men who, if not Irish, are friends of the Irish cause and race. We have no desire to embroil this country with England, but the recognition of our right under the constitution is a duty we owe to ourselves, and we have no fear that the diplomacy which settled so happily the Alabama Claims will fail in obtaining for us our just right.

En resume we are not sorry that the *Post* has given us the opportunity of thus declaring our views, which we believe are less injurious to the welfare of our adopted country than those of our contemporary, who would reduce our army to a platoon and our navy to a hooker, forgetting that even Americans themselves would soon cease to ship their goods on bottoms without a navy to protect them, and even pioneers would object to go to wilds where Uncle Sam had not even a corporal's guard.

PRACTICAL ORGANIZATION.

In the processions which parade the streets of our citiy on gala days and anniversaries it is pleasant to see so many Irish companies bear their part. It shows that Irishmen identify themselves heart and soul with the past and present of the glorious Republic of which they are the adopted children. It is in itself a sufficient answer to the calumnies of those who would assert that because we have the interests of our country at heart we are unmindful of the land of our adoption. But these companies are not so strong in numbers or so perfect in drill as we would wish to see them. Irishmen here can never over-estimate the advantages they have above their brothers at home in possessing the privilege to carry arms, and to exercise themselves in the use of them. In Ireland it is penal to own, much more to carry, a musket, and anything like discipline, called by the resident tyrants illegal drilling, is visited with every penalty of the law, originally designed for convicts and abandoned characters of every description. Here, however, we are at liberty to have arms, and it is not a mortal offence to know how to use them. This knowledge, which every Irishman should struggle to obtain, will be of inestimable value one day, and will enable Irish-America to contribute trained battalions to support the untutored valor of Ireland's peasantry when the long deferred day of retribution shall at length have dawned. It is idle to deny that the power we have to contend against is still a formidable one—decaying it is true, but as yet bold and determined in its tyranny. To resist and overthrow this power our countrymen at home have nothing to look to save their own valor which, with the far-sighted policy of England's despotism, is forbidden to be exercised—that and the more disciplined courage of the exiled Irishmen of this continent. Therefore these exiles should lose no opportunity of practicing military evolutions that they may be as competent to take their part in the field of battle as the best drilled veteran in the British army. Organization first—every other requirement afterwards. Staunch organization will battle for our freedom as our countrymen have often hitherto battled, but with a difference. While the undisciplined courage of Ireland was poured out in a lavish tide in vain, the disciplined battalions of Irish-American soldiers will, by the aid of sterling bravery, backed by the necessary discipline, hew a road to liberty, victory, and vengeance through the thickest of England's tyrant garrison. Why did the Irish conquer at Fontenoy and Cremona, and fling away their lives with an equal courage but in vain on the red plains of '98. Because the Irish Brigade, who won the victories, were trained and practiced soldiers, and the gallant rebels who fought in Wexford were little more than a brave and patriotic rabble. They fought well. Irishmen will fight well everywhere, especially for freedom and against England, but they fought in vain, for their disorganized valor was pitted against a trained and practiced soldiery. When Davis sung—"'Tis the man, not the dress, makes the soldier, I trow," he did not mean to decry the good effect of discipline in the rank and file, for in the next breath he lauds it, equally with the courage of the Irish Brigade. This is one of a thousand reasons why Irishmen should organize, in season and out of season, that they may be prepared to grasp the first prospect of liberty that is presented to them. Let us have stronger and better drilled companies, every Irishman should belong to one, and we have taken a step in the right direction whose magnitude is inappreciable.

THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE.

An international conference is a grand scheme, and the purpose generally supposed to be its object is, in itself, laudable enough. It would, no doubt, be greatly for the benefit of mankind if warfare could be abolished all over the world, if all international quarrels could be settled "In a parliament of man, a federation of the world." So, too, would it be beneficial to trade and international relations generally if a common language could be assigned to the whole habitable globe, and the ancient curse of Babel annihilated. One scheme is well nigh as pleasing and fully as susceptible of successful negotiation as the other, and both are purely Utopian. The world is not in a condition for perfect peace. There are wrongs remaining unrighted, and rights remaining unacknowledged which can never be adjusted by peaceful arbitration. Take the case of France. Will she remain passive under the insults of Germany, will she forget her ruined capital and her devastated plains, and all the haughty insolence of conquest which she has so lately endured, to forward the philanthropic designs of a few day-dreamers? A veteran Frenchman and a deep thinker, a man who is, to French speaking people, more than Charles Dickens was to English, thinks not. Victor Hugo refuses to attend the conference. He says that France will yet rise to avenge herself on Germany, and will never be bound by the dictum of politicians of any or every nation. He says that the war which will then be waged will be a duel between the principles of Monarchy and Republicanism. We can but agree with him and add "God defend the right." And Ireland—will she be bound to peace by the preaching of philosophic savans if she sees the chance of flinging off the yoke that has weighed her to the earth for centuries. Again, no. Even in this duel, of which Victor Hugo speaks, the opportunity may be afforded to Ireland to take the Republican side, in opposition to the hated enemy, and "To fling her banner forth, the harp without the crown." Is it likely she will forgo the opportunity for the sake of universal peace at the dictum of any conference or congress that can be summoned.

But it is argued by the advocates of universal peace that war is a relic of barbarism. If it be we still live in a barbarous age, and one which will last till the millenium. The world must be in a very different state from what it is at present when war can be abolished. As long as there is ambition to be sated, and as long as there is an instinct of freedom to bid defiance to it so long must conflicts continue. The dream is like many visions of Utopia, a pleasing but profitless and impossible vision. We of Ireland, at any rate, hope to have, at least, ONE more war before the world subsides into everlasting peace.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, August 17th, 1874.

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist

SIR—A friend of mine tells me I might easily be a little more gossippy in these letters. No doubt I might, but then there is a question whether gossip is very much either in your line or mine. Any way, I mean to be, if not more gossippy, at least more miscellaneous in this letter.

There is quite a lull in the political world this week, and if I didn't pick up odds and ends from all points of the compass, I'd simply have to hold my tongue (or pen) altogether. To be sure, there is much very loose talk about all sorts of Spanish complications; but no man, save a prophet or a Prime Minister (vide Mr. Disraeli, *passim*), can make much out of these "things of Spain." I may as well mention, however, that the *Univers*, (the most ultra-Catholic and ultra-Monarchical paper in the world), admits that the Carlists did a good deal of killing in cold blood at the capture of Cuenca. Now, seeing that the *Univers* allows so much, I think a moderate man may be excused for shrewdly suspecting that these estimable Carlist gentlemen did a good deal of the same sort of thing on several other occasions. And yet this is what the *York Examiner* calls "a noble cause." Clearly we have changed our notions about "causes" considerably since the time when Davis sang out, in strong verse, for that "rushing steed in any good cause at all;" for instance, "to draw from beauteous Italy the Austrian's red masses." Now, the only good cause, with a certain class of Irishmen, is "the right divine of Kings to govern wrong." I suppose I'd be thought somewhat behind the time if I were in Ireland at present, but still I must confess that I somewhat prefer the creed of Thomas Davis to the creed of Mr. Keyes O'Cleary. But if this is gossip, it is scarcely news. However, Davis's famous ballad reminds me of Circassia, and that reminds me of telling you that two Circassian ladies have just arrived in St. Petersburgh to study medicine. The world goes wagging on. This is certainly somewhat of a change from the time when these "tall Cherkesses" used to take far other sorts of journeys to Constantinople and elsewhere. And, talking of these Circassian doctoresses *in prospectu*, reminds me that there are said to be about a dozen ladies studying medicine in Paris at present, of whom some few, I think, are said to be Russians. I'm not any way enthusiastic about what are called the "rights of women," but I don't see any good reason for preventing them from entering the medical profession. It is one thing to shut them out altogether, and quite another thing to tell them or ourselves that they are likely to rival men in this or any other purely intellectual pursuit. All history, and I think all reason, is against this notion, and until we have female Shakespears, Raphaels, Platos, Newtons, or even female Stokeses, Sampsons, or Symes, I must be excused from thinking that women are quite on the same intellectual line with men. I'm not, however, to be supposed to doubt but we *may* have the female Stokes and Sampsons, but only that we won't have them in the same abundance; but 'tis in the advent of female Shakespears and Raphaels that I absolutely refuse to believe. There have been many women, and notably the George Sands, George Elliotts, Mrs. Brownings and Rosa Bonhers of our own day, who have only fallen short of the highest rank in the realms of mind—but then they have fallen short. But these Circassian ladies have led me a long dance, and if I were to go on being reminded of one thing by another, after this somewhat Monmouth and Macedon fashion, I scarcely know when I'd come to an end. I must, therefore, be brief, if not bald, with my remaining items of news.

M. Ledru Rollin is said to be seriously ill. Father Hyacinthe has resigned his Genevan parish. I see that there has been a slight passage of arms between the ex-friar and the ex-Fenian and Communist General Cluseret. It seems they think very ill of each other. I don't share the general's opinion about the friar, for if I know little good of him I know little ill either, but I am quite of one mind with the friar about the general. This last seems to me one of the most ill-conditioned creatures possible to conceive. He has a certain amount of talent, no doubt, but nothing at all out of the ordinary way, while he clearly thinks himself the greatest genius of the age, if not the only genius. He has a terrible *cocoethis scribendi*, and seems to spend nearly all his time in trying to blacken the characters of nearly all the people with whom he was ever brought in contact. He began with the Fenians, then went on to the Communists, and, save Father Hyacinth, I don't know who he's abusing now. But I'm wasting my time on this person; he'd be of no consequence at all to you or me but for the fact of his passing and accidental connection with the Fenian movement.

There is talk of cutting a tunnel through the Straits of Dover, and scientific men seem to have no doubt of the practicability of the project; but whether it is financially or politically feasible is another question, and one upon which I am no way called upon to give an opinion just now. One would have thought that England and France were quite near neighbors enough already, for the taste of either nation, but tastes are so strange that 'tis proverbially hard to guage them.

In the last number of the *Revue des deux Mondes* there is an interesting article, by M. Gaidez, on the use of elephants in war. The writer thinks they would be most useful in many things, especially in the bringing up of big guns. But your readers must go to the *Deux Mondes* for any further information on the subject. I know little about elephants, and still less about big guns.

And, now, I think you have had quite enough of gossip for one letter. I hope my olla-podrida will please my friend, and not displease your readers.

AN IRISH EXILE.

PACIFIC COAST ITEMS.

THE Oregon Legislature meets next Monday.

ONLY two adults and one infant died in Sacramento last week.

THERE are 6,124 childern of school age in Sacramento county.

A daily paper has been started at Corinne, Utah, called the *Mail*.

JOHN TROUNCE had a fall in the Belcher mine on Monday, lighting on his head and seriously injuring him.

THE reports of a rich silver discovery in Nevada county are confirmed, but the discoverers till keeep the locality a secret.

AT Santa Rosa yesterday the motion for a new trial in the case of Geiger was denied, and he was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

THE 860 men employed in the Navy Yard at Mare Island will be paid off next Thursday, the 10th instant. It will take $78,000 to go around.

THE Napa and Solano Fair opened at Vallejo Tuesday. The attendance and exhibits the first day were not as encouraging as was anticipated.

JACOB MYERS, proprieter of the Butterville Flouring Mill, near Yreka, committed suicide at that place Monday morning by cutting his throat with a pocket-knife.

A Republican Convention is called to meet at Vancouver, Washington Territory, on the 28th of September, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Delegate to Congress.

ON Saturday night at the Guadalupe mines, Santa Clara county, a young man named Bee shot, it is said in self defense, and probably fatally wounded a Panama negro named Juan Bautiste.

A.B. SCOTT, who has for some time been boring for coal near Lincoln, Placer county, has struck, at a depth of 55 feet, a very superior quality of coal, the stratum being 20 feet in thickness. The vein is near the railroad.

THE new Gold Hill, Nevada, reservoir, will be 200x225 feet surface and 7 feet deep. It is back of the Imperial-Empire hoisting works, and will be used as an ice-pond in the Winter. The work will be completed in three or four weeks.

A local option election will be held in Merced township, Merced county, September 12th. The petition was signed and presented by those in favor of license and the temperance people have as yet made no effort to carry the election.

LAURA and Sadie Booth, colored girls, have obtained third-grade teachers' certificates in Nevada county, the first case of the kind, we believe, in the State. They received all the education they possess at the colored school in Nevada City.

HENRY PILLSBURY, who represented himself as the agent of the "Hibernian Theatrical Troupe," has been arrested in Sacramento for having forged the names of two well-known citizens to a note of $100, on which he procured the money of A. Nachman, a broker of that city.

THE Marysville *Appeal* perpetrates this; As two prominent attorneys were walking along the streets of San Francisco yesterday, a lady with a very large bustle passed them. Said one, "Mc——, what do you think is in that lady's bustle?" "*Call* and *Examiner*, if you want to know," said Mc.

LOCAL ITEMS.

THE Hebrew years will have rolled round to 5635 on Friday.

ADOLPH P. CURVEY has filed his petition in insolvency. Liabilities, $22,500; assets, nominal.

THE Stratman Zouaves will give a soiree militaire at Crusader Hall on Monday evening, September 14th.

MAJOR J. H. GELSON has arrived in this city. He has been ordered to report to the commanding officer of the Department of Arizona for the assignment to duty as Chief paymaster of that Department.

A GRAND bazar in aid of the free schools of the Presentation Convent, corner of Taylor and Ellis streets, will be held at Mercantile Library Hall from the 14th to the 19th inst.

THE trial of the juvenile journalists, H. E. Dore, T. H. Carr and Paul E. Vandor, for libeling a rival amateur, resulted in all the parties being held to answer the charge. The two former were admitted to bail in the sum of $300 and the latter in $400.

THE real estate of James Lick conveyed in his deed of trust will be sold at auction by Maurice Dore & Co., at Platt's Hall, on Tuesday, November 17th. The property includes the Lick House lot and other real estates in this city, the Island de Santa Catalina, off Wilmington Harbor, and Mr. Lick's landed interests in Santa Clara and Los Angles Counties, and in Virginia City. The terms are one quarter cash and one quarter every succeeding year until the property is paid for; deferred payment to bear interest at eight per cent per annum.

JACOB SIEGRIST, a lodger at the California Lodging House, California street, fell from the window of his room on Sunday morning, and seriously injured himself internally. He was taken to the County Hospital.

Ned Lindsey.

AN EPISODE OF THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

BY AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER

[From the Irish National Magazine.]

'47 and '48 were the carnival years of the famine in Ireland. At all times the spectre stalks through that ill-fated land, but during those two years he took up the whole people in his skeleton arms, and shook half of them into the grave. The sympathetic world opened its treasuries and granaries, and poured gold and grain, with lavish hand, into the lap of Ireland. But the disease was too wide spread, and had struck too deep for remedy to reach. Special cases of acute suffering can be relieved by the hand of charity, but when millions of men, women and children, well inured, by the best devised systems, to chronic starvation, are led along, step by step, to the great pit, and suddenly hurled thereinto, the world but hears their despairing cry and cannot come to their relief in time. So was it with the Irish peasants of '47 and 48.

The church and the people had been persecuted together—that is, the people were persecuted for the church, albeit the bishops and priests had educated the people to believe that the church was persecuted because of its devotion to them. So thoroughly had the church drawn its circle about the people, so completely were they sentineled about by their spiritual soldiers, that the outside world—its aspirations, its grand pulsations, its march towards light and liberty—was completely shut out from them. The church had complete charge of the people, and the people gave unquestioning allegiance to the church.

The greatest illustration, fearfully great, of the perfection of the church as an organization, could be found in the Irish peasantry of the famine years. They were the grand result of the pruning and training down, the isolating and the suppressing of the aspirations of Ireland for generations. A people naturally spiritual, brave, vehement and generous, willing to pour out their blood for any grand cause, filling the pages of history with their heroism on foreign fields, filling the temples of fame with their eloquence and poetry, drawing from the very soul of song its sweetest music, to be reduced to the very verge of imbecility, who allowed the clergyman to usurp their thought-chambers until they forget the use of thinking, who moved hither and thither like mechanism at his beck and command. No other country can show such a severe Roman training as Ireland. The church helps to "make" the people of other lands; the Irish people are wholly the work of her hands. From the cradle to the grave the people walk under the shadow of the church. If this shadow ceased at the *grave*, even there might be a little of the "world" in the people. But it is only when the priest has said his litanies for the dead at the open grave that the living become bound to his girdle with inseparable bands.

The generation which filled a million of famine graves in a land flowing with riches, which filled the reeking and rotten ships of the commercial world, but which *dared not* fight for their land and lives; that of '47, and '48, of which I write, was the most abject which Ireland ever contained, or which the unfeeling eye of England will ever again behold, even in Ireland. That was the very bottom of our degradation, and as the Irish people are a restless people they could not remain stationary. Having reached the bottom, they began to ascend until the young men of Ireland to-day are as independent and as intelligent as the young men of America.

Previous to the Catholic Emancipation, the Church was persecuted. She fell back upon the people as a refuge, and nobly did they bare their breasts in her defense. The blow aimed at the priest had to pierce the peasant's heart first. The Irish people have shed enough of blood in defense of Rome to float the English Navy. Had they shown half such heroism and sacrifice in defense of their country, they would be free and prosperous to-day instead of—what? As soon as O'Connell gained the Catholic Emancipation, the first movement of the church, after her own chains were taken off, was to turn her back upon the people, and her face, all favoring, towards England. All at once she found out that rebellion was damnable, and that the liberty of Ireland was not worth the shedding of a single drop of blood. Yet Ireland had shed seas of blood in defense of the church against England! Oh! but the church was free now, and what more did the people want? This was enough for the miserable beings who, to the number of nine millions, peopled Ireland in '47, and who died of unmanly starvation to the number of a million and a half.

All this introduction is necessary, that the reader may understand fully the "episode" which here follows. It is not in the pen of any living man to paint the horrors of those days. It is black and fearful in my brain, and will be if I live a hundaed years to come; black and fearful, but it will not flow from there, in all its horror, through my feeble pen.

In those fearful years of '47 and '48 I was teaching school in a beautiful village in the south of Ireland. It was a "National School" but as completely under the control of Father Power, the Parish Priest, as though it was attached to the Parish chapel. I had a house and a few acres of ground, which the landlord allowed to the schoolmaster. Attached to my house was a garden, beautiful to the eye and soothing to the sense. I always lived alone, as far as family was concerned. My scholars were my family during the day. The birds, and the bees, and the flowers, were my companions during my mornings and afternoons. These latter never deceived me or changed their tempers. During the day the children came to school to me. In the morning and in the afternoon I went to school, to the birds and the flowers.

Previous to the famine years, the people lived as such people always live. They were taught to believe themselves free, because they were allowed to go to Mass without being hung up before their own doors for so doing, as was the custom in former times. In fact, they felt themselves thoroughly emancipated, because every magistrate and bailiff they met did not shoot them as of old. They also drank on all "proper" occasions—which were as often as possible—danced like slaves on festivals, broke each others' heads at the fairs, paid the landlord and the "*repale rint*," and thanked God they were not in jail, hung, or transported as were their fathers before them.

There is something melancholy in the mirth of the slave. It is mirth at a "wake," and is ever followed by tears. It is strange to find that a free people, who have cause to be mirthful, are always thoughtful and serious, while an enslaved people are always kicking up their heels to the music of the fife and fiddle, or agonizing the refined ear with loud and empty laughter over a miserable species of small wit. Children tickled with feathers. To the latter belonged the generation of Irishmen who were so thoroughly drilled into servitude as to die ignobly of starvation, feeling it was God's desire, while their land "flowed with milk and honey." They were a generous and an affectionate people withal, and, if properly educated, would have swept their tyrants into crimson graves, and left a heritage of freedom to their children instead of poverty and degradation!

The famine came, and it was not surprising to find a total change in the land. In six months the people became thoroughly selfish and heartless. The wolf, which is said to lurk in every heart, looked from every eye, and pity was driven from all bosoms. Charity, the goddess of every household in Ireland, was strangled by the fiends of hunger. Relationship, stronger in Ireland than elsewhere, was snapped like a thread, and men beheld their friends perish, and passed callously by. Doors were shut and bolted to keep out the cries of hunger. Famine prowled at every gate, and each had enough to do to keep the wolf out.

During my years of school teaching I had managed to save up a few pounds. Having neither relative nor children, I was left comparatively free to act. I could not see the friends of my youth, my old neighbors with whom I had danced, sung and feasted, in better days, perish while I had wherewithal to save them. I had always, thank God, counted the lives of men more preciously than gold, and now came a time to put my theory into praitice, in my humble way. I went around doing all the good which I was capable of doing. Many and many a fair young girl—once fair—and brave men I laid in coffinless graves. There were no funerals in those dark days. The people were tumbled into their graves as though the living were glad to get rid of them. Some were buried for love, but the majority were buried as a necessity. All were buried in one way or another, and it, doubtless, matters little, when the soul has flown, how clay is turned into clay.

There were few coffins in those days. Men who die of starvation have nothing left for coffins. Here was where the peculiar pride of the people inappropriately intruded. The disgrace of being buried without coffins was worse than the doom of dying of starvation! No matter how people *live* in Ireland they must be *buried* "respectable."

How was the disgrace of the coffinless dead to be avoided? The burials all took place after dark.

I have often waited at the "dead house" until the sun went down, and the stars came out in mourning beauty. Then, accompanied by few of the neighbors, the dead would be rolled in a winding sheet, laid on a door, and we would steal silently away to the graveyard. Here, by the light of a candle, a grave was dug, and the body laid tenderly in its everlasting rest. The gaunt and famished relatives stood around in tearless stupor. I never saw a tear on one of those famine-blanched cheeks. The wells of human sympathy were sucked dry, and the people's blood had ran into water—water that could not give birth to a generous tear. After covering the body, we all knelt down instinctively and prayed, although we hardly knew for what. I now feel that God accepted our offerings, placed them to the credit of our country, and against the accounts of those who beheld our people perish, without attempting to save them.

I have seen such things a hundred times at least, and participated in them. In all those famine burials I never saw a clergyman of any denomination! The utter heartlessness of the "men of God," with some noble exceptions, during the famine years would have forever divorced them from any other people than the Irish. While the people were dying around the church doors, dying for bread, new churches were being built. In each parish the priest had land and cows, corn and potatoes; was "mouldy" with money, yet, instead of giving all to the people from whom he received all, he went on grinding money out of the poor wretches, withdrawing himself away from his parishioners, dining with the landlord and magistrates, preaching that the famine was from God, and hurling anathemas on those who did not accept the chastening visitation in humbleness of heart. And the people obeyed him, and died surrounded by plenty! Nothing so incongruously debased was ever before witnessed.

Many, whom I scarcely missed from everyday recognition, fell "sick," and their death was the first intimation I would have of anything being wrong. There were no friendly calls to see those who were ailing. Indeed, few knew of a victim's illness until the hunger was appeased forever. In many cases whole families perished in secret. Their pride restrained them until they became too exhausted to go forth for aid. Where would they go? Every house was like their own. Death was in all. Within and without it was death and the very air seemed laden with that indescribable breath which lurks in tombs. For days a certain door would be closed. The chimney gave forth no evidence of life. Where were the people? Were they flown? All this time the fearful reality fell heavy on every heart. They would come to me and tell me, with feelings of abject fear, that then there was something wrong with the Browns or the Whites. They would no more venture into those silent abodes, without I led the way, then they would venture into a graveyard after dark. Over we would go, pull the latchstring, open the door, enter; and there, on a bundle of straw, the mother and children would be lying, stark and awful in death. The father, too late, would have attempted to crawl to the door to summon aid, and would have sunk in agony on the floor.

There are few of the Irish people in America who have not seen such sights as these, and still they laugh, dance and drink as their fathers did before them. They make a fearful outcry when some historian lifts the shroud from their buried country to show them their errors and their fearful results. They will fly at Froude when he tells sharp untrutes, and hurrah for Burke when he flatters them in their madness! They will rebel against England, brave prison and death in the teeth of English power, but let Rome raise her little finger and they cower away in abject severity. England knows this. Rome knows this. England therefore governs Ireland, not through London, but through Rome. The priests are the constabulary of England in Ireland now, and the church is the garrison.

How these interpellations will interrupt my "episode!"

The above is a feebly-colored picture of "my parish" in Munster, when the incident which I am about to relate and which drove me to this great refuge, the United States, occurred.

It was usual to hear the priests of the different rural parishes at this time, when one-half their congregations were dying of starvation, preaching on their altars on Sunday, and picturing the glory of dying of hunger, while cattle, potatoes and grain, flourished all about them. The gates of Heaven were flung wide open, and hosts of angels were waiting to welcome the martyrs. Dying of hunger in the midst of plenty! No other people were ever reduced to such helpless, cowardly, mental slavery, since the world began. Father Power, the parish priest, a stout plethoric man better fit for horse-trading and dining than following the footsteps of the Saviour, used to stand in all his fatness, on his altar, and preached to his melancholy congregation that the famine was from God, and a thing for which the people should be thankful. They should accordingly receive the visitation as a manifestation of God's divine love for His—the Irish—people. The people believed and died, while herds, and flocks, and grain, which God had given them, were shipped off to England, to feed that "heretical" people who would not understand Providence as plainly as the Irish. I often, foolishly for myself, disputed Father Power's doctrine, and advised the people not to die while there was a sheep on his reverence's farm. For this I was denounced as an infidel, the man who wouldn't give in to even the priest, and the poor wretches would scarcely speak to me. It was only when it became necessary to bury some poor body, whom nobody else would bury, that I was called on. I have often thought, while laying some palid corpse in the grave, "the soul that inhabited this frail shell, now looking down from the skies, endowed with that divinity which sees into human hearts, must judge me more kindly than when it looked through human eyes." I went so far on these occasions as to think that I, who gave my last penny to feed the hungry, who laid the neglected dead in the earth, was a better Christian than Father James, who allowed his flocks to perish and then threw the blame on Providence. The dead could see this, the living could not; hence I spoke it only to the dead. Thus, while I could wander among the nameless graves, I felt justified in the eyes of the "enfranchised," but I was only an "infidel" among the poor slaves whom death had not emancipated.

On a beautiful June Sabbath morning I was walking in my garden, inhaling the odor of the flowers and listening to the songs of the birds.

Do the flowers smell sweeter, do the the birds sing sweeter, in our old homes than elsewhere? or is it a fine conceit of ours, occasioned by the poetic past and its associations, flitting over our homeless souls, bringing, with flower and song, the love and peace that can come to us no more, save in retrospection? Whatever it is, or whatever it was the memory of that Sunday morning never leaves me. It grows more perfect as the years roll out their thread of discord and dissatisfaction. The smell of the sweetbrier and the rose, the song of the thrush and the robin, fragrance and melody, with the memories of vanished years, are forever about me, like a dream of sorrowful delight. After a while the terrible pall that enveloped the land, wrapping one half the people in its folds, fell upon my senses, creating a melancholy feeling which I cannot now explain. My heart was torn by conscious torment, yet soothed by Nature. Turning my eyes to the clear sky, seeking in vain to pierce that shoreless sea to find God's special dwelling place, I said "the heavens, the green fields, the waving corn, the fragrance of the flowers, the melody of the birds, are from Thee, O God; famine, that pales the people's cheeks, that shuts out light and life from once happy homes, and all its attendant horrors, are from the Devil, and his agent, tyrant man."

While thus musing I noticed a figure coming in at the gate, and walking up the path to where I stood. I could not be mistaken here, although nothing short of death could have made more alterations in that figure since last I saw it. It was Ned Linsdey, the blind fiddler whom I had known for thirty years, and who had played at the pattrens and dances" in half the country during that time. Though blind Ned could find his way all over the country. How he knew I was in the garden, unless I spoke aloud to myself and God, I do not know.

Ned Linsdey was one of the gentlemen musicians of Ireland of whom the present generation knows very little. He was received by the people as a sort of hero, which he was for he conquered their hearts with his music. Money he looked upon as a thing of convenience, to be despised at the same time. His wants were simple and the people supplied them, *galore*. How then came this fearful change? His clothes were threadbare and torn, and his whole costume was shabby genteel.

There is something saddening in beholding respect struggling with poverty. One smoothing and brushing, the other wearing and tearing. The easy carriage and the hollow cheek. The sweet voice and the sad look, the lonesome lines running across the pallid face. Such was the appearance of Ned Lindsay on that June Sunday morning.

After the usual greeting, I led him into the house, which consisted of one large room—my school-room—and a little back parlor, kitchen and bedroom rolled into one. To use a homely phrase, I had the "pot boiling" in less than no time, for I could see that Ned was *fasting*—heaven knew how long. I took down the bottle and gave him a glass. He took very little and drank to "old times and old friends, God be with them," with big tears in his sightless eyes, for eyes will weep though they cannot see. In a few minutes the blood began to spread in crimson lakes on his cheeks, and the old fire seemed to heat him up to his old proud form. He then told me that he had spent the last year down toward the mountains—a district about fifteen miles off, which was a "long way off" in Ireland in those days. The great curse which fell on the country had broken up his patrons and merrymakings. The feeling of death was abroad for famine croaked at every door. Those who were able fled toward the setting sun. Those who remained were in no dancing mood, The depression which settled on the people took possession of even himself, his soul inspiring reels were forever running into old lament. As he said, it was his soul weeping for the general woe. Death was holding his black patron everywhere, and weeping mothers and crying children were the only fit musicians. The hearts of people became as stone. Ned Linsday, for whom every door was swung open with a welcome, for whom every hearth was swept, whose path was made pleasant by laughing children, rosy maidens, and the older people who in youth danced to his music, and who in their declining years, were soothed by his planxties any wild laments, at last found that famine and death shut every door in his face. This to his sensitive pride was enough. He folded his violin under his threadbare coat as a mother would fold a child to her aching breast and started for home—our Parish. Alas! there were few left to welcome him home, for famine had made all selfish there as elsewhere.

Seeing that he was getting low spirited, I induced him to take another drink. "Ned," says I, "give us a tune. Shake yourself up, man; brighter days are in store for us. We are passing through the dark hour."

"Dark enough, Harry," says Ned. "but a darker hour is coming, the passage through the grave. God send us light beyond. When O'Connell gained the Emancipation, I thought that Ireland's light had come, and my soul felt the holy inspiration, although there could be no light this side of Heaven. That was a false cup held to Ireland's parched lips. It was nothing but a beaker of unsubstantial foam. Men were hung and shot, and transported in the old days. They had revenge though, and died with their blood up, when patriotism makes life pull death by the beard. Now men die like dogs by the roadside, and the very worms will not eat them, nor will the shamrocks drink life from their watery blood."

Then he played some of those old, forgotten planxties, which died with the last generation; airs composed on the mountain side when Priest and people prayed, with rocks for altars, and when Liberty, red-capped and pure, was the handmaid of religion. Those who have only heard the vulgar "scraper" of our day torturing Irish music, can form no idea of the music of the Carolans, Connellans and Lindsays of old.

We partook of breakfast, and though Ned Linsday must have fasted for many days, he ate sparingly. Breakfast being over, he went out into the garden "to smell the flowers and to keep his heart from choking." After waiting about half an hour, and it being Mass time, I went out to call him in.

There was an old dried oak at the end of the garden, and beneath this oak a quant, rustic seat. Ned was sitting on this seat, his back against the channelled trunk and his sightless eyes turned to the blue sky. I knew he was listening to the birds or looking, with the eyes of his spirit, toward the skies of immortality, and so I did not disturb him by calling aloud. I walked up toward where he sat. He did not notice my approach. I laid my hand upon his shoulder and said, "Come Ned let us go to Mass." He did not answer—*he was dead.*

I had seen hundreds die of starvation but this shock made my blood rush from all parts of my body back upon my heart, as if in very fear. An hour before and his soul was sending forth delicious melody, and now he was dead and his sightless eyes staring at the heavens. His soul had caught up to his melodies, and was wafted on their musical wings to the "land of light" for which he pined so much.

Scarcely knowing what I was doing, I left the garden and rushed to the chapel. It was Mass time and as I entered Father Power was exhorting the people to die rather than violate the law. Then the old story that God sent the famine, and that those who died of starvation went at once to heaven. Madman, as I was, I cried out, "Hold, Father James, you blaspheme the good God. He gave us a fruitful land, and if the people starve it is the fault of our rulers. It is your fault, also! You stand on the altar and preach lies. *You are rich*, and your flock is dying before your eyes, and you will not save them! Throw off your robes, turn your cross into a sword, and lead your people to liberty, to life! The fields are full of cattle, the gardens are full of grain. The vaults of the rich are bursting with treasure. Take all and save your people!"

What passed I do not recollect. I remember being called an infidel by the Priest. A sudden terror and horror appalled the congregation. I was seized, cuffed, denounced and hurled out of the chapel, bruised and torn. I made my way back to the garden, threw myself at Ned Linsday's feet and wept not for the dead, but for the living.

On that Sunday night, alone, like a thief, I bore Ned Linsday to the churchyard, and buried him in the ninety-eight corner.

Next morning I waited in vain for my scholars. They never came. The curse of the Church was about the place, and of course I could not come to good. The poor curate, hearing the whole story, gave me twenty pounds to bring me to America.

Here I found the remnants of that slavish generation, there and here, the greatest enemies of manly movement for Ireland's freedom.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOMETHING NEW.

MRS. H. MOORE.

HAIR-PRODUCER,

WOULD ANNOUNCE TO LADIES AND GENTLEmen, who desire the personal adornment of a fine suit of HAIR, that she has opened parlors for its express treatment; they are emphatically assured she possesses the skill to produce a full, flowing crop of Hair on all stages of baldness, even to its most pronounced state. A few treatments will convince the most skeptical this is no exaggeration. Weak, decaying and falling Hair, the result of sickness or other causes, made strong, healthy and vigorous. Ladies and gentlemen desiring treatment, please call at her parlors, and the most satisfactory evidence will be furnished. No. 523 Kearny st., rooms 4 and 5. sep12-3m

Furniture Wanted.

KING WANTS, THIS WEEK, $10,000 WORTH OF SECOND-HAND FURNITURE, to fill country orders; also, Grocery Stores and Saloons bought.

M. L. KING,

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San Francisco.

Gleeson & Fell.

sep8tf

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1874.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH MOTHER.

Oh! why did you go when the flowers were springing,
And winter's wild tempests had vanished away,
When the swallow was come, and the sweet lark was singing,
From the morn to the eve of the beautiful day?
O! why did you go when the summer was coming,
And the heaven was blue as your own sunny eye;
When the bee on the blossom was drowsily humming—
Mavourneen! mavourneen! O, why did you die?

My hot tears are falling in agony o'er you,
My heart was bound up in the life that is gone;
O! why did you go from the mother that bore you,
Achora, macushla! why leave me alone?
The primrose each hedgerow and dingle is studding;
The violet's breath is on each breeze's sigh,
And the woodbine you loved round your window is budding—
O! *Maura, mavourneen!** why, why, did you die?

The harebell is missing your step on the mountain,
The sweetbrier droops for the hand that it loved,
And the hazel's pale tassels hang over the fountain
That springs in the copse where so often you roved.
The hawthorn's pearls fall as though they were weeping,
Upon the low grave where your cold form doth lie,
And the soft dews of evening there longest lie sleeping—
Mavourneen! mavourneen! O, why did you die?

The meadows are white with the low daisy's flower,
And the long grass bends glistening like waves in the sun;
And from his green nest, in the ivy-grown tower,
The sweet robin sings till the long day is done.
On, on to the sea, the bright river is flowing,
There is not a stain in the vault of the sky;
But the flowers on your grave in the radiance are glowing—
Your eyes cannot see them. O! why did you die?

Mavourneen, I was not alone in my sorrow,
But he whom you loved has soon followed his bride;
His young heart *could* break with its grief, and to-morrow
They'll lay him to rest in the grave by your side.
My darling, my darling, the judgment alighted
Upon the young branches, the blooming and fair;
But the dry leafless stem which the lightning hath blighted
Stands lonely and dark in the sweet summer air.

When the bright silent stars through my window are beaming,
I dream in my madness that you're at my side,
With your long golden curls on your white shoulders streaming,
And the smile that came warm from your loving heart's tide;
I hear your sweet voice fitful melodies singing;
I wake but to hear the low wind's whispered sigh,
And your vanishing tones through my silent home ringing,
As I cry in my anguish—O! why did you die?

Achora, machree, you are ever before me—
I scarce see the heaven to which you are gone,
So dark are the clouds of despair which lie o'er me.
O, pray for me! pray at the Almighty's throne!
O, pray that the chain of my bondage may sever,
That to thee and our Father my freed soul may fly,
Or the cry of my spirit for ever and ever
Shall be—"O, *mavourneen!* why, why did you die?"

TINY.

*All these Irish words are terms of endearment—these two mean, "Mary, my dearest."

The Fellow that Looks Like Me.

MAX ADELER, who writes for a Philadelphia paper, has a friend named Slimmer, who deserves pity. He was going up to Reading the other day, and when reaching the depot he looked into the ladies' room. A woman sat there with a lot of baggage and three children, and when she saw Slimmer she rushed at him, and before he could defend himself she threw her arms about his neck, nestled her head upon his breast, and burst into tears. Slimmer was amazed, indignant, confounded; and ere he could find utterance to his feelings, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Henry, dear Henry! We are united at last. Are you well? Is Aunt Martha still alive? Haven't you longed to see your own Louisa?"

And she looked into Slimmer's face and smiled through her tears.

"Madame," said he solemnly, "if I am the person alluded to as Henry, permit me to say that you have made a mistake. My name is Lemuel, I have no Aunt Martha, and don't own a solitary Louisa. Oblige me by letting go of my coat, it excites remarks."

Then she buried her bonnet deeper into his waistcoat, and began to cry harder than ever, and said:

"Oh, Henry, how, how can you treat me so? How can you pretend you are not my husband?"

"Madame," screamed Slimmer, "if you do not cease sopping my shirt bosom, and do not remove your umbrella from my corn, I shall be obliged to call the police. Let me go, I say."

And he tried to disengage himself from her embrace—while all the men and the baggage master, and the newsboys stood around, and said his conduct was infamous. In the midst of the struggle a stranger entered with a carpet bag. He looked exactly like Slimmer—and when he saw his wife in Slimmer's arms he became excited and floored Slimmer with his carpet bag, and sat on him, and smote his nose, and caromed on his head, and asked him what he meant. Slimmer was removed on a stretcher, and the enemy went off with his wife and family in a cab. He called the next day to apologize. His wife had made the mistake because of Slimmer's likeness to him.

THE rather doubtful statement is made that at Gold Run, on the Central Pacific Railroad, some fifteen or twenty families have been using wild coffee (so called) as a substitute for the imported article, and announce that it tastes like Costa Rica coffee.

A gentleman who lately visited the highest portions of the Sierras, in Fresno county, where timber abounds, found that in places fully one-third of the pine trees had been struck by lightning this season, and in many places acre after acre of enormous pines had been prostrated by the fury of some storm which has prevailed there this season.

THERE is every indication that the next State Fair will exceed in interest everything of the kind that has preceded it in the State. The application for stalls and space at the Fair Ground from parties in the State is far in excess of those in former years; besides, forty-two applications for stalls have come from the East, thirty from parties in Missouri, and twelve from Wisconsin.

AN inventive Yankee has procured an apparatus which he claims is a cure for snoring. It fastens a gutta percha tube, leading to the tympanum of the ear. Whenever the snorer snores, he himself receives the first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and of course reforms.

Assyrian Amusement.

Dr. Smith, who has been exploring Assyria in the cause of science and the *Daily Telegraph*, relates the following: Riding out of Amudir, we urged on our horses, and before very long came in sight of a village built among the ruins of an old fort, about half way between Amudia and Nisibin. As the day wore on the weather became worse and worse; the clouds gathered, and soon a storm of hail and rain broke over our heads. We drove our animals as hard as possible, although they were already almost knocked up by the journey; but it was not until four o'clock that we arrived, very wet and weary, in view of Nisibin. We entered the place and sought for a lodging, but it was not an easy matter to get one. The khans here were in a wretched state from the mud and rain, and the solitary coffee shop could afford no accomodation whatever. At last, however, the Governor was kind enough to give us shelter in the Serai, or Government House, which proved to be tolerably comfortable quarters. The room allotted to me was the one in which official business was usually transacted, but it was similar in arrangement and appearance to the one at Dinasar. There was a good fire of logs at the upper end of the apartment, and altogether it was a welcome refuge from the storm which still raged with pitiless fury out of doors. Coffee, served in the Turkish fashion, was brought in, and shortly afterwards a courteous invitation to dinner followed.

While this repast was being prepared, there appeared a tall, powerful, sinister-looking man and a youth apparently about fourteen years of age. The latter was evidently a dancing boy, and he and his companion, after having saluted the governor, seated themselves on the carpet, apparently with the view to a subsequent display of their talents. The dinner was a good one—that is to say for the East—and it included, among other dishes, various meats, preserved grapes, and honey, and wound up with pilau or piloff, a native dish, in which the principal ingredient is rice. After coffee had again been handed round guests began to drop in, and the servants made preparations for the entertainment. Two musicians now entered, one of them having a tambourine, and the other an instrument called a *hanum*, resembling a dulcimer. The strings rest on two bridges, and the instrument is laid across the knees of the performer, and is played with the fingers of both hands. The assembly was in part composed of the "rank and fasion" of Nisibin; but, on the whole, it was of rather a mixed character. One of the guests present an officer of some sort, understood Russian, and another gentleman was very anxious to give to me to understand that he was a Christian. Presently the performances commenced, and certainly they were of a kind not very familiar or pleasing to Western eyes, though, indeed, the most civilised nations of Europe take delight in entertainments that they have not much reason to boast of. First the dancing boy retired, and came back arrayed in a dress of faded finery, fringed all around, flounced, and colored blue and red. Then, while the musicians were tuning up their instruments, the tall man, who came in with the boy before dinner, and who appeared to be the leader of the party, delivered himself of a series of coarse jokes and antics, which were not of the most refined character. His performances, however, were keenly relished by the company, and were received with shouts of laughter, in which the gentleman who called himself a Christian joined as heartily as any of the rest. Next followed a concert of Turkish, Kurdish and Arabic songs, some of which would hardly bear translation; and the boy generally either joined in the music or performed native dances. His movements, however, were not very graceful. They consisted chiefly in swinging round, jumping and capering about in a quaint, eccentric fashion, and twisting the head backwards and forwards on the neck, as if it were loose on its joints. These musical and terpsichorean performances were kept up till a late hour, but, monotonous as they were, the interest of the audience never wavered. Altogether the entertainment was not calculated to give one a very exalted idea of Turkish taste, whether as regards the performers or the spectators. It would not be tolerated for a moment in any western town. There was one bright spot in the scene, and that was formed by the group of stalwart Circassian guards who stood armed at the entrance of the apartment. They, at any rate, looked like men, which is more than can be said of the company present. I was glad when the so-called entertainment was brought to a close, and the weariness it caused added to the fatigues of the preceding journey rendered retirement to one's couch peculiarly agreeable.

"LIFE ON THE EARTH."—In a lecture on the "Dawn and Development of Life on the Earth" Mr. Henry Woodward contrasted the duration of the historic period with the prehistoric. Written documents do not take us back more than thirty or forty centuries, and stone inscriptions two thousand years more. In proof of this he handed to his audience copies of the celebrated tablets brought from Nineveh, and containing an account of the flood. But far beyond that short historic period there was one of which neither history nor tradition relates anything, when the lower animals peopled the earth—animals whose life history probably extended over tens of thousands of generations before man. Passing to the subject of world-building animals, he said the oldest known from of animal life, the *Eozoon Canadense*, was a vast area built up of minute shells, which were as fine as dust, and of even a lower form of insects which built the coral reefs. He argued that the geological period was one of development, and not of recreation. After the world-building animals came higher forms, and then the cuttle-fish species; then the crabs, then the fishes, then saurians, then mammals, and then a fierce struggle for existence, until man was born; and then came the age of invention, from the flint and spear heads to the steam-engine and telegraph system.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR SOLD.—It appears that one of the students at Davidson College, who was too lazy to do anything right, was in the habi of cleaning out his lamp chimney by running his finger down it as far as he could, and twisting it around. After he had cleaned it out in this partial manner, one day not long ago, a fellow-student took it and carried it to the residence of one of the professors, with the inquiry: "Why is it that this chimney is smoked up to this point and no farther?" The learned gentleman entered the elaborate scientific explanation of why it was, arguing with great lucidness, and citing various authorities to show the correctness of his reasoning. When he had finished, the student said to him: "No sir, you are wrong." "Why is it then?" inquired the professor. "Because the felllow's finger wasn't long enough to reach any farther," replied the student.—*Charlotte* (N. C.) *Observer*.

Coinage of the English Mint.

The Treasury has issued the fourth annual report of the Deputy Master of the Mint. From this it appears that during the year 1873 the demand for gold coin, which in the two previous years was excessive, ceased, and the Mint was able to devote a far larger portion of time to the production of silver and bronze coin and the execution of colonial coinage than in 1871 or 1872, nor has it been obliged since the completion in March, of the silver coinage of £1,000,000, the "blanks" for which were supplied under contract by Messrs. Ralph Heaton and Sons, of Birmingham, to rely upon extraneous assistance for the execution of any part of the operations of the Imperial silver coinage. The total number of pieces struck was 41,846,269 as against 52,841,048 during 1872, and their value, real or nominal, £4,485, 909 18s. 2½d. The value of the British coins struck during the year was:

GOLD.		
Sovereigns	£2,868,215 0 0	
Half-sovereigns	963,525 0 0	
		£3,331,740 0 0
SILVER.		
Florins	£592,183 18 0	
Shillings	324,479 18 0	
Sixpences	114,868 6 6	
Fourpence (Maunday)	69 7 4	
Threepences	50,750 9 6	
Twopences (Maunday)	30 12 8	
Pence (do)	33 1 0	
		£1,082,424 13 0
BRONZE.		
Pence	£35,392 10 0	
Halfpence	7,093 10 0	
Farthings	3,360 0 5	
		£ 45,846 0 5
Making a total of		£4,460,010 13 5

The coinage of gold during the year 1873 (the report adds) has been only £3,300,000, as against £15,000,000 coined in 1872, and £40,000,000 in the previous year, but the coinage brought to the conclusion in June, 1873, exceeded £24,500,000, and it is obvious that after so unusually large and rapid a demand some diminution was to be expected in the requirements of the public. The light gold coin imported into the Mint for recoinage during the year amounted to £950,075, as against £778,000 in 1872, and the Bank of England were again the only importers. The Deputy Master of the Mint states that the supply of silver coin during the year has been fully maintained. The demand has continued unabated, and the amount issued, £1,034,000, though less by £204,000 than in 1872, shows that considerable exertion on the part of the Mint has been necessary to meet the requirements of the public. Of the sum named, £578,500 was issued to the Bank of England, £154,000 to Scotch banks, £2,000 to the Bank of Ireland, £222,000 to the Colonies, and £60,500 for the Treasury Chests abroad, besides £17,000 in threepences delivered direct to private applicants. The total amount of the latter coin issued is very remarkable, having risen from £11,475 in 1870, £12,600 in 1871, and £19,575 in 1872, to no less than £44,725, or 3,578,000 pieces, in 1873, and shows to what sudden and extraordinary demands the Mint is at all times liable. With regard to the operation of coining, the Deputy Master observes that the accuracy of the manner in which the work of the Operative Department has been performed was strictly illustrated by the fact that on the termination of the gold coinage of £24,500,000 in June last, the aggregate weight of the pieces of which the coinage was composed was found to be within two-thousandth parts of an ounce of the exact standard weight prescribed by law, while the pieces composing the coinage of £6,5000,000 completed in 1871 were of the exact standard weight. With regard to the subject of "waste" and "sweep" in the gold coinage operations in 1873, the Deputy Master says; "The value of the metal found to be actually deficient at the close of the gold coinage was £3,826 7s. 10d., or £156 3s. 7d. per million, and the amount received for the 'sweep' sold was £2,414 10s. The actual loss to the Mint, therefore, on the coinage, was £1,411, 17s. 10d., or £57 12s. 5d. per million. The actual loss on the smaller coinage of £6,500,000 completed in 1871 was at the rate of £50 per million; and it is unnecessary to point out that so trifling a per centage of loss is a satisfactory proof of the vigilance exercised in all matters relating to the production of coin, and of the care with which each operation is conducted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EMILY R. EASTMAN,
Artist,
HAS REMOVED HER STUDIO TO S. W. CORNER of Kearny and Bush streets, No. 235, Room 13, first floor, and is now ready to do all kinds of Photograph Painting and Retouching. Terms always reasonable and satisfactory. sep5-1m

J. W. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
Fine Wines, Liquors & Cigars,
1151 Market street,
And N. W. cor. Sansome and Merchant streets,
sep5tf SAN FRANCISCO.

EXCELSIOR TOOL STORE,
1118 Market St.,
Between Maron and Taylor Streets.
MECHANICS' TOOLS AND HARDWARE, SPIRIT Levels Made to Order and Repaired. Saws Filed and Set with Care. Also, Gold and Silver Plating in all its Branches. Locks Repaired and Keys Fitted.
sep5tf McCOTTRY & DURNIN, Proprietors.

ROBERT S. REARDON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
AMERICAN MEATS,
HAS REMOVED FROM STALL 70 CENTRE MARket to Stall 70 Metropolitan Market, Sutter street entrance. sept5-4m

HUSTON & PROBASCO,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Pure Home-Made Candies,
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FINE CONFECTIONERY.
122 Kearny street, SAN FRANCISCO.
sept5tf

Pellet & Fischer,
(Successor to R. LEHMAN & Co.)
WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERS,
No. 408 Davis Street, between Washington and Jackson, San Francisco. Manufacture all kinds of Candies from the Best Materials, and will sell at least as low as any other House in the trade. ☞Goods warranted to keep in any climate. Country orders promptly attended to.—Dealers supplied on liberal terms. Also a large assortment of nuts. jy5tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
TRY IT:
B. F. BARTON & CO'S
PEERLESS
Yeast Powder

The following unsolicited testimonial, from an entire stranger to us, is worth more than hundreds of solicited or purchased puffs:

EUREKA, January 27, 1873.

MR. BARTON:

Sir: I take pleasure in writing this note to you, to let you know that I have been cooking in the principal towns in California for the past ten years, and I can say that your Yeast Powder is the best that I ever used in that time, or any other time. I have been cooking for wenty years. You can publish this, if you wish.

Yours respectfully,
MR. G. BAYLEY,
Eureka, Humboldt Bay.

For the greater convenience of purchasers,
BARTON'S YEAST POWDER
Is put up in packages of one-quarter pound, one, two, five, ten, and twenty pounds, respectively.
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RESIDENCE—283 Stevenson street.—PLACE OF BUSINESS—At P. J. Tannian's, cor. Stevenson and Third Sts. Orders from the country promptly attended to.
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Highest market price paid for old Bells, Copper and Brass. jy4-tf.

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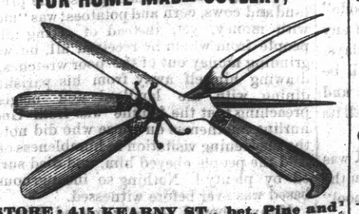
FOR HOME-MADE CUTLERY,

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OUR PRESSWORK is acknowledged to be the best in the city. ap12-tf

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Our showroom has become our pleasure;
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Prepared to Manufacture Gentlemen's Garments in the Latest Styles at the Lowest Rates.
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For cash alone we buy and sell.
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Office Room 10 Knox Block, San Jose.
jy 18 tf

"Young Ireland's Era—The Era of Moral Independence."

BY DAVID BARRY.

[From the Irish National Magazine.]

Many have been the efforts made to shake the shackles from the limbs of our unfortunate country, and many have been the organizations formed for that end. With those patriotic combinations which existed previous to the 19th century it is not my purpose to deal; my object is simply to speak of the teachings and men of "'48," and their surrounding influences. No Benburb, Yellow Ford, or Fontenoy sanctifies their memory, no proud pedestal commemorates their deeds, yet I claim that every member of that noble band who issued forth from comfortable homes to face a tyranny that was (and is still) grinding their race to powder, has entitled himself to a martyr's crown, and should live forever in the affection of the Irish people. If purity of intention, if patriotism undefiled, noble and generous, entitles men to immortality, then indeed do the young giants of "'48" deserve to be ranked with that grand army of rebels and martyrs, who have "spread their tents on fame's eternal camping ground."

It is necessary to direct the attention of the readers of the *Magazine* to the political condition of Ireland when those young and vigorous champions of freedom burst into public life. For full fifteen years she had been in the enjoyment of the so-called Emancipation. She had her Catholic members in the London Parliament delivering useless speeches and airing their loyalty, and many of them, alas, outraging the confidence of their constituents, by shamefully offering themselves for sale. She was vouchsafed the privilege, too, of having Catholic prosecuting attorneys, who proved but too ready to strike off the jury list any Irishman who possessed a conscience, and fill his place with an avowed patricide. Nor was she denied the advantage of a Catholic judge on the bench, whose custom it was to throw his full weight into the justice scale in favor of the Crown, and send to Botany Bay, or anywhere else he liked, on suborned testimony, every honest man who wrote or spoke the truth in her behalf. And if she had not then, I believe she could have obtained it for the asking, viz:—the favor of a Catholic hangman to launch her best and bravest into eternity. What else—she had her Catholic magistrates to fine and imprison the struggling farmer for killing a hare or partridge in his own potato patch; and I almost forgot him, sure she had her Catholic gauger, to prosecute the rascally Irishman who had the audacity to make a keg of *potteen* to help pay the half-year's rent, or allay the vengeful anger of the ruthless agent.

Towering above all these political advantages stood O'Connell, the idol of her heart, pleased with his work and wielding an influence over nine millions of his countrymen, such as no sceptered monarch that ever trod the earth ever wielded before. In Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and the half of Ulster, his will was absolute. He called his repeal meetings in different parts of the island, and half a million of men responded to each call. He told the people to keep quiet and he'd have *repeal* within a year. His fame went out over all the earth and the advocates of freedom in other lands sent him congratulatory addresses and cheered him on. Prominent Frenchmen went over to Ireland to attend his monster demonstrations, and were amazed—not altogether at his regal power—but at the absurdity of maintaining a crouching, begging policy towards England, when the material for a grander army than she had ever marshaled stood before him waiting for the word.

Reader, you may deem this language extravagant, but men who lived and figured in those hopeful days still maintain that, had O'Connell but so willed it, there would not be a British uniform within the island in one week. Besides, half the army of occupation were Irishmen, with Irish hearts throbbing impatiently beneath their red jackets, and most of the police force were covertly in sympathy with the repeal movement. Gunnery was not brought to the perfection it is in at the present time, and the "queen of all weapons," the pike, was considered little inferior to the old "brown Bess" musket. A word from O'Connell would have destroyed every road in Ireland in one night—a word from him would have armed a million of men with every available weapon, from the pitchfork to the fowling-piece. But he did "not deem liberty worth one drop of blood," therefore he did not give the word, and two millions of men who, at his bidding, would have dared and fought and bled like Spartans, sank into ignoble famine graves, three years afterwards, "unhonored and unsung."

And thus did the "Liberator" miss the one grand, golden opportunity of freeing Ireland forever, and of handing his name down to all time, as one of the greatest, most sagacious, and most successful champions of human freedom that the world ever saw.

About this time the Dublin *Nation* was started, and soon its columns sparkled and shone with the glittering effusions of the *elite* of Ireland's genius. Soon its circulation became immense, and its influence with the people second only to that of O'Connell himself. Thomas Davis threw into it all the fire and energy and majesty of his noble soul. By nature a hater of shams and subterfuges, he told the people the truth in words of fire which burned deep in their passionate hearts—*he was not afraid to speak of* "98." Every heroic action, every martial feat achieved by Irishmen, at home or abroad, was seized upon and immortalized in heroic verse, for he was a true poet. John Mitchel, too, went into the business heart and soul, and with that powerful, vigorous pen of his, which at one time resembled a lance, at another a stalwart battle axe, he struck right and left at every abuse, at every sham patriot, but his most telling blows were dealt against "the enemy of the human race."

Thomas Francis Meagher, the young, the gay, the dashing student, polished as a courtier, brave as Cæsar, had just emerged from the stern severity of Stonyhurst College, and with all the elasticity of his buoyant, generous nature, leaped like a bounding elk into the political arena. *This was the dawning of Young Ireland's era.* Meagher was just the man to sway the multitude and captivate their hearts. Not long had he figured on the rostrum ere people wondered at the magic of his thrilling eloquence, so graceful, so pointed, so pure; indeed such was his fame as an orator, that many claimed for him the gift of inspiration. Michael Doheney, his friend and fellow rebel, fittingly said of him that, "his language gushed forth, a flood of fire, purifying wherever it touched, and, impelled by its vitality seemed to spring as if Heavenward." Whenever he was announced to speak, Conciliation Hall was thronged to suffocation, and such was the desire of the ladies to hear the brilliant young tribune, who, it was said, possessed

"The genius of Grattan, the sparkle of Steel,
The passion of Curran, the brilliance of Shiel."

that the galleries resembled a living paterre, a breathing bouquet of beauty. Dublin was not the only city wherein rang his clear, silvery voice. Believing it to be the duty of every Irish-born man to be up and doing, he could not understand why any section of the country should remain dead to the "incentives of the hour," and forthwith repaired to Belfast, the stronghold of Orangeism. In the principal hall of that city he addressed the Orangemen. He pointed out their duty, he besought them to put aside their prejudices, and join the grand army of liberators, and after dwelling on the natural advantages of Ireland for self-government, he burst forth: "Shame upon you, my countrymen, shame upon you: Holland, with the ocean for her foe, has bid the palace and the warehouse, costlier than the palace, rear their ponderous shapes above the waves which battle at their base, has outstripped the merchant of Rialto, threatened England in the Thames, swept the channel with her broom, and though for a day she reeled before the bayonets of *Dumurier*, she sprang to her feet again, and with the cry of up, up, with the House of Orange, flung the tricolor from her dykes."

With such talented and enthusiastic representatives and teachers as Davis, Mitchel, Meagher, Lawler, Doheney and many others—each a host in himself—the Young Ireland Party soon became a power in the land, and the *Nation* the acknowledged gospel of national regeneration.

Reading rooms were opened in every town and city, information was scattered broadcast, the people began to feel their power and to despise that of the enemy. They perceived, too, that their was nothing gained by sending men to the foreign Parliament who gloried in having a country to sell; nor could they see the wisdom of losing their farms for voting for such men. Neither could they appreciate the privilege of being arraigned by a Catholic Attorney General and sentenced by a Catholic Judge. In a word they began to regard Emancipation as "a delusion, a mockery and a snare," and Parliamentary agitation a vile humbug, fraught with evil to the land. Each election was succeeded by a fresh batch of evictions, and baronies and townships were made desolate; a bitter war was continually waging between the tenant-farmer on one side and the landed proprietor on the other, till, as Davis mournfully describes it,

"Peasant blood bedewed each farm,
And Ireland wept for Tipperary."

This was the time to strike. This was the time to put the people in full possession of the land, and send the rascally landlords out of it by the light of their own mansions. What followed has passed into history. Those peerless souls, who thought and wrote and spoke so grandly and so true, were scattered over the broad earth. Their memory will remain ever green in the land of their love, and those sterling Republican doctrines which they fearlessly preached *there* have so familiarized their covntrymen with the true spirit of liberty and good government, as to enable them to rank among the truest, best most devoted citizens of this Republic.

Spanish Armament.

The military contributor of the *Cologne Gazette* says that there seems to be no intention at present of actively employing the German squadron which has been sent to Spain in searching and capturing ships laden with war material for the army of Don Carlos, and that the naval forces of Spain herself ought to be sufficient for this purpose. Besides 7 heavy ironclad frigates, 10 screw frigates, 3 ironclad turret-ships, and 4 screw corvettes, the Spanish navy possesses no less than 21 avisos (of 2,340 horse-power) with 51 guns, 42 screw gunboats with a heavy gun each and a total power of 4,040-horses, and 20 paddle steamers with 109 guns and a total power of 5,600 horses. These smaller vessels are peculiarly adapted for watching the coast; and in the spring of the present year the naval force employed in the Bay of Biscay alone on this service consisted of 9 avisos, 17 gunboats, and 6 paddle steamers. As to the reports of guns having been supplied to the army of Don Carlos by the firm of Krupp, they are positively denied on competent authority. The Government army, however, has been provided with rifled steel and bronze guns according to the Prussian system since 1868, and Spaniards attach so much value to these weapons that it is probable that the Carlists have attached to their own artillery such of these guns as they have captured. The twenty heavy *batteries de position* of the Government army also carry some 12-centimetre muzzle-loaders, and the mountain batteries 7-centimetre bronze guns made according to the old French model of La Hotte. The infantry of this army was to have been equipped with Remington rifles in 1871, but in the spring of the present year most of the field battalions were armed with the old muzzle-loaders, which were converted according to the Berdan system in 1867. This weapon fires ten shots a minute. The militia and the few remaining volunteers are equipped with Minie rifles of large calibre. Of the cavalry (which consists of two regiments of cuirassiers, two of dragoons, eight of uhlans, and eight of mounted riflemen) some regiments were supplied with the new Remington rifles at the beginning of the present year, and the remainder are to get them in the course of the next few months.

Says Mary Kyle Dallas: "Dress, dress, dress! It is the bane of womanhood from the cradle to the grave, and has been ever since Eve made an overskirt for herself out of fig leaves. Everything we do is mixed up with our toilet somehow. When we are christened our christening robe is the first thought. When we are first taken to church, we are beribboned and belaced to make our appearance there; and are told that we cannot possibly go in those shabby old shoes, but must wear the nice Sunday ones. When we are married our costume is the topic which all discuss, and white satin and pearls are more important by far than our emotions. And when the most terrible grief of life falls upon us, anxious voices beg us to declare in favor of bias folds of crape and a vail with a hem half a yard wide; or ask us, softly, whether we are 'going to mourn deeply,' alluding of course to our black clothes. Yes, and when we are dead ourselves, it is still how we are dressed that is to be thought of, though at last we are relieved of the task of dressing ourselves. Some witty French writer has declared that women will insist upon having a pretty dress for the Day of Judgment, or refuse to attend at all."

Good buffalo robes can be purchased at Baker City of the Indians at $10 to $12, on their return from Snake River.

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O'DONOVAN ROSSA,
NORTHERN HOTEL,
Cor. Cortlandt and West Streets,
New York.
Steamship Passage Tickets, Railway Tick etc, Drafts.
O'DONOVAN ROSSA'S "PRISON LIFE," Post Free, $1 00.
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Board and Lodging per week, - - - $5.00
Board and Lodging per Day, - - - $1.00
This House is newly Furnished with good Beds and Bedding, which improvement every boarder will appreciate.
Passengers and Baggage conveyed to the House Free of Charge. House close to the Oregon, San Diego and Humboldt Steamers.
JOHN DONOHUE, - - Proprietor, Late of Melbourne, Australia. jy4tf

South End Oyster House.
FOR the Freshest, Juiciest and Fattest Transplante or California Oysters, or a good Welsh Rareb or Crab Stew, go to
MANNING'S OYSTER HOUSE,
672 Howard St., near Third (late of the Blue Wing Saloon.) sep13-tf

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JAMES BARRY, late of St. Nicholas Hotel,
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AND HAVANA CIGARS.
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SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS FOR FAMILIES.—All the rooms furnished with the best spring beds, and every attention paid to the comfort of guests.
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Board and Lodging per Day..... 1 00
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Passengers and Baggage taken to this house free of charge. JOHN MURRAY, Proprietor.
my24-tf

MANHATTAN HOUSE
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Board and Lodging, per Week, - - $4 50.
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Good accommodations for Families.
N. B.—This House has just been renovated. Free Coach to the House.
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Opposite the Occidental Hotel entrance. Although DR. BRENAN may differ considerably in his practice from many members of the Profession, yet, he is possessed of the highest credentials from the most learned and celebrated Medical Colleges in the country; and all who have attended his lectures bear witness to the clear and lucid manner in which he defines every portion of the human frame, giving the reasons for the various diseases which the tissues of the human body are subject to, and illustrating every portion of the human system by the simple aid of a black-board, thereby proving himself to be thoroughly acquainted with the anatomy of the human configuration. On these lectures the Press of all our large cities have showered the highest encomiums of praise; and DR. BRENAN has been also greatly complimented by the leading physicians of the day. He has devoted much of his time and research to the diseases of the nervous system and reproductive organs, and also to general and nervous debility. And for this purpose DR. BRENAN spent several years in Paris, where the best facility is offered for the thorough investigation of the cause of these most complicated diseases. Nasal Catarrh and other diseases of the throat and chest, have also been the subject of special lectures delivered throughout the country. The Doctor, therefore, offers his services with confidence to all the afflicted of humanity who may suffer from any of the complaints incidental to the human frame. In addition to his own professional office and consultation room, the Doctor has also secured parlors affording every convenience for the accommodation of ladies and gentleman separately.
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Correspondence will be promptly answered, and a list of printed questions forwarded to patients in any part of the United States, and by the answers DR. BRENAN can tell the disease almost as readily as by seeing the patient. Post Office Box 291. aug23-1y

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Groceries, Wines & Liquors,
CORNER THIRD AND EVERETT STS., Between Mission and Howard,
SAN FRANCISCO.
A CHOICE SELECTION OF PUREST WINES AND Liquors for Family and Medicinal use always on hand. Goods delivered Free of Charge. fe21tf

JOHN A. LENNON,
Wholesale Dealer in
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
313 CLAY ST., BET. FRONT & BATTERY, San Francisco. ajl20tf

Yates' Branch Saloon
....AND....
BILLIARD HALL,
Corner of Market and Third Streets, San Francisco.
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars....English Ale an Porter on Draught....Ale, Beer and Porter Five cen per Glass....Genuine Staffordshire Ale.
fy2-tf YATES & CO., Proprietors.

JOHN KENNY,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in Foreign and Domestic
WINES AND LIQUORS;
No 515 Front-street, bet. Washington and Jackson, San Francisco.
California Wines Bottled by WHITE MEN Only. jy4tf

FISCHTEN & STEINKAMP.
Ales, Wines, Liquors & Cigars,
SOUTH EAST CORNER OF BATTERY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS, San Francisco. jy4tf

P. LYMAN. J. P. RAFFERTY. DAVID GOGGIN.
Lyman, Rafferty & Co.,
IMPORTERS AND
Wholesale Liquor Dealers,
416 Battery street, cor. Merchant, SAN FRANCISCO. jy25tf

M. J. RYAN.
—DEALER IN—
Wines and Liquors.
—AGENT FOR—
Hibernia Brewery,
468 SEVENTH STREET,
Between Broadway and Washington street, OAKLAND. my16tf

P. J. TANNIAN,
24 THIRD STREET
Keeps constantly on hand the best quality of
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
ALSO—Superior Brands Old Bourbon Whisky, Old Martel and Sazerac Brandies, Pure Old Scotch and Irish Whiskeys. Also, Pure Holland Gin and Jamaica Rum. jly6-tf

J. H. DOUGHERTY
Dealer in
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS
No. 515 California Street
Above Montgomery, next to the California Market jy4tf

[From the Commercial Herald.]

MARKET REPORT.

[For the week ending Thursday, Sept. 10th.]

WHEAT—The arrivels seem to be of late rather more free; nevertheless, we have a very light stock in city warehouse. A year ago at this date, not less than 50,000 tons were here in store: now we have less than 10,000 tons—some say not 5,000 tons—the farmers still refusing to market their grain freely. It is true some continue to export of their abundance, but the mass of producers are yet withholding their grain from market. Immense piles of Wheat, acres of ground covered over with stacks of Wheat, corded up, exposed to the elements, and much of it hundreds of miles inland and at points difficult of access. The facility with which some of the farmers are enabled to obtain cash advances upon their grain warehoused inland is a great inducement for them to borrow, hoping that by and by the turn of the market will be in their favor. The lowest point yet reached the present season in Liverpool is 9s 7d for spot parcels. At date, 1874, the quotation shows an improvement—say 10s@10s 3d for average, and for club, 10s 4d@11s 3d ₱ ctl: 1873, September 9th, the quotation was 12s 11d@13s for average, and 13s 3d@13s 4d for club; 1872, September 9th, 12s 9d@12s. Transactions for the week include 3,000 tons average to arrive at $1 50; 15,000 sks choice milling, $1 55; 10,000 sks for export, $1 50; 5,000 sks "fair" quality, $1 45; 6,500 sks "mixed," $1 40@1 45 ₱ ctl: 300 tons "superfine" sold at $1 42½. At the close, there is rather more inquiry for choice milling, and for this $1 55 would be paid for a moderate quantity. Purchases inland are made at a price equivalent to $1 50, delivered alongside ship. The Pauillac for Callao carries 12,216 ctls.

BARLEY—We note the shipment of 9,600 ctls Chevalier to Melbourne per Queen Emma. The Chocola for Auckland carries 8,422 ctls same. Coast supplies come to hand very freely, finding ready sale at current rates. The quality much better than heretofore, while the crop proves to be far greater than in previous years. Sales for the week include 1,200 ctls choice old Brewing at $1 80, 30 days: 500 sks Chevalier sold at $1 60@1 62½: 2,500 sks bright Feed, $1 07½@1 10; 1,500 sks Coast, $1 05@1 08¾. Prime new crop Brewing is more called for, but the offerings are light, being held at $1 25.

OATS—The market continues without animation. The John L. Stephens from Oregon brought us only 1,027 ctls. Sales for the week include 4,500 sks in lots within the range of $1 45@1 65 as extremes.

RYE—The crop is large, but is generally withheld, owing to the low rates offered. 500 sks sold at $1 05@1 07½ ₱ ctl.

CORN—The old stock is well nigh exhausted, selling at $1 75@1 85 ₱ ctl in small lots.

SEEDS—The Whistler from Valparaiso brought up 4,089 bags for the Oil Mill, quotable at 3c. It is strange that so little attention is given to the raising of Flax and Flaxseed upon this Coast and in Oregon. The ship Granger from Valparaiso brought 50 sks of Caraway Seed. Alfalfa Seed is now in request at 12½c. We note the sale of 2,000 lbs Timothy Seed at 10½c. We are pleased to learn that the Pacific Cordage Company has been successful in raising 250 tons Hemp the present season across the bay in Alameda County. Mustard Seed continues in good request, good to choice Brown and Red commanding 2@3c; White, 1½@2c ₱ lb.

HAY—Supplies are liberal. Common slow of sale at $8@10; good to choice commands $12@14 ₱ ton.

WOOL—The steamship Arizona for New York, via Panama, carried on the 9th inst. 7,817 lbs. The receipts of Fall clip are quite light up to date, and buyers are picking up all desirable parcels as they come in. Prices are hardening. Arrivals so far have met an active trade for best clips at 19@21c for bright choice lots. Much of the Wool arriving is heavy and dirty, and this kind meets dull sale at 13@15c; burry, 12@14c and dull. We note a sale of 60,000 lbs extra choice Oregon at 33½c, an extreme price. Sales for the week, 253,000 lbs.

HIDES—The market is strong for Dry at 19@20c, and 20@21c for slaughterers' stock, usual selections; 6,000 lbs Wet Salted sold at 8½@8¾c.

POTATOES—The market is well supplied with Halfmoon Bay, selling from 80c to $1 ₱ 100 lbs: Cuffey Cove, 95c@$1 05. Sweet are plentiful and of choice quality, selling at 1¾@1¾c ₱ lb.

POULTRY—Supplies are very liberal and the demand good. We quote Hens and Roosters, $6@8; Broilers, $3@5; tame Ducks, $6@7; tame Geese, $1 75@2 25 ₱ pair; live Turkeys scarce at 20@22c ₱ lb; Hare, $2 50@3 ₱ dozen and slow of sale: Venison is scarce at 12@12c ₱ lb.

CATTLE—Meats of all descriptions plentiful and cheap; quality excellent. Slaughterer's prices are: Beef, ₱ quarter, first quality, 5@7c; second quality, 3@4½c. Mutton is plentiful at 4½c. Spring Lambs, 6@7c. Calves are scarce at 5@6c. Hogs are in fair demand, and prices are firm at 6½@6½c, the latter rate for small, which are very scarce, and 8½@9c for dressed, the latter for choice small Hogs.

DAIRY PRODUCTS—New York State Cheese is jobbing at 16@17c; Western Reserve, 13@15c. Receipts of Oregon Butter very light, selling at 24@30c, according to quality. Choice Fresh Roll Butter has now advanced to 35@37½c; Point Reyes, 40c. California keg and pickled Roll is in demand at current rates, say 30@35c for Firkin, and 32½@35c for pickled Roll. Western Reserve is jobbing slowly at 22½@27½c, the latter for extra choice firkin. California Cheese is in good stock, selling at 11@15c. Fresh California Eggs are firm and scarce at 40@42½c, with light receipts of Eastern, quotable at 30c in order. 7,000 dozen Oregon just received in good order: quotable as dull at 30@32½c.

HONEY—The supply is very considerable, and prices extremely low. Within a few years the business of bee keeping has made rapid progress in this State, and the product of Honey now far exceeds the quantity required for home consumption. Shipments to the East were inaugurated last season; but a much larger quantity will go forward this year. Drake & Emerson dispatched a carload of Harbison's Comb Honey, for New York, and will soon send forward two car-loads of strained. This is the fourth car-load that has already gone forward, and several more are yet to follow. This Honey will not suffer from a comparison with the best produced in the Eastern States In fact, that made from the white sage in the mountains of San Diego, Los Angeles and other counties, is fully equal to the best white clover Honey of the East. We quote choice white comb, in frames, 18@22½c; do dark, 8@12½c ₱ lb; strained, 5@10c ₱ lb.

BIRTHS.

FARLEY—In this city, September 6th, to the wife of P. Farley, a son.
DUFFEY—In this city, September 8th, to the wife of W. C. Duffey, a son.
McCORMICK—In this city, Sept. 1st, to the wife of W. L. McCormick, a daughter.
EWING—In this city, August 27th, to the wife of Calvin Ewing, a son.
COYLE—In this city, August 27th, to the wife of Patrick Coyle, a daughter.
DUNPHY—In this city, August 29th, to the wife of P. F. Dunphy, a daughter.

MARRIED.

CURTIN—LAWTON—In this city, September 8th, by the Rev. Father Largan, Thomas J. Curtin to M. E. Lawton.
RYAN—DEASY—In this city, August 30th, by the Rev. P. Powers, of St. Patrick's Church, J. G. Ryan, of Havilah, to Miss Margaret Deasy, of San Francisco.
IRVING—EDINGER—In Auburn, August 23d, W. Irving to Mrs. S. B. Edinger.
RAY—CURRY—In Nicolaus, August 13th, John T. Ray to Elizabeth A. Curry.

DEATHS.

MULHERN—In Sacramento, August 28th, P. Mulhern, aged 36 years.
LEYDEN—In this city, September 8th, John Leyden, a native of Kilmore, County of Clare, Ireland, aged 48 years.
CARY—In this city, August 30th, Margaret, youngest child of Patrick and Margaret Cary, a native of San Francisco, aged 1 year 1 month and 25 days.
SMITH—In this city, August 31st, Mary Ann, wife of J. R. Smith, a native of the City of Limerick, Ireland, aged 37 years.
KEIGHRY—In San Mateo County (Eight-Mile House), Edward Keighry, a native of the Parish of Dysart, Co. Roscommon, Ireland, aged 24 years.
McGRAH—In this city, August 31st, Wm. McGrah, a native of Ireland, aged 74 years.
DEWEY—In this city, August 31st, Mary Dewey, a native of Ireland, aged 50 years.
O'CONNOR—In this city, Sept. 1st, Maggie O'Connor, a native of Ireland, aged 24 years.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AMUSEMENTS.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH.....Proprietor and Manager
MR. BARTON HILL.....Acting Manager

MRS. HENRIETTA CHANFRAU, as Lady Clancarty, and MR. BARTON HILL as the Irish Jacobite Hero.

Complete Success of Tom Taylor's great play,
AND OF
Mrs. Henrietta Chanfrau,
AS LADY CLANCARTY,
In the new historical play, the Reigning Success of London, where it has already received nearly 200 consecutive performances, and promises to run for the entire season.

This Beautiful Drama is produced by Mrs. Chanfrau under a special arrangement with the author.

EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK,
The New Historical Drama, in four acts, by Tom Taylor, entitled
Lady Clancarty,
Or, WEDDED AND WOOED.
Elizabeth Spencer (Lady Clancarty), Mrs. Henrietta Chanfrau.

New Scenery—Historical Costumes, Etc.

CHANFRAU MATINEE ON SATURDAY.

In preparation—A new emotional play by C. W. Tayleure, entitled WAS SHE RIGHT? A Question for Women.

Ninth Industrial Exhibition!

Held under the auspices of the
MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE
IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC,
COR. EIGHTH AND MISSION STREETS.

The musical Exercises are under the immediate direction of Professor GEORGE T. EVANS, assisted by Professor W. Elliot.
The Art Department is under the arrangement of the San Francisco Art Association.
The Horticultural Department is under the charge of the Bay District Horticultural Society, and is one of the most pleasing features of the Exhibition.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Season Tickets, admitting gentleman and lady....$5 00
Season Tickets, admitting one person..... 3 00
Season Tickets, admitting Juvenile under 14 yrs... 1 50
☞ The above Tickets are not transferrable.
Single Admission.....50 cents
Children under 14 years.....25 cents
Tickets can be obtained from any of the Managers, at the Mechanics Institute, 27 Post street, and at the principal Music and Drug Stores.
A. S. HALLIDIE, President.

LAFAYETTE BREWERY,
725 Green Street.
THOMAS GROGAN AND A. ANSTETT,
PROPRIETORS.
ap25tf

SAN RAFAEL
Livery and Sale Stables,
FOURTH STREET, SAN RAFAEL.
M. GILLIGAN, - - Proprietor.
Saddle Horses, Carriages and Buggies furnished at short notice and on reasonable terms. jly12-tf

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BLACKSMITHS, CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKERS.
JOBBING of every description executed with dispatch in a workmanlike manner.
Nos. 654, 656 & 658 Howard st., near Third, San Francisco
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CALIFORNIA AS IT IS
Contains the latest and most reliable information concerning California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington. Utah, Arizona, Idaho and Alaska Territories, Vancouvers Island and British Columbia. Particularly full on the subjects of
Prices and Locations of Public and Private Lands in California,
Mines and Mining,
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and other Leading Interests of the State and Coast.
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PARTIES HAVING IMPROVED OR UNIMPROVED property, and desirous to sell the same, will find ready purchasers at fair prices by leaving it at our office. Loans on Real Estate made at the lowest market rate; full charge taken of Real Estate for parties at reasonable commission; rent collected and taxes paid. Give us a call. LEVY & LEVITZKY,
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Bet. Clay and Commercial sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO. sep12-3m

Dry Goods.

28 KEARNY STREET. 28

UNPRECEDENTED

SLAUGHTER

—IN—

The Price

—OF—

28 Kearny st. **DRY GOOOODS!** 28 Kearny st.

—AT—

J. C. TALBOT & CO.'S,

28 Kearny St.

The attention of Ladies is earnestly called to our Great Sale, which far exceeds any former one. Please notice the following list of prices:

1000 yards Fancy Dress Goods, at 25c., good value for 50c.

800 yards Striped Foulane, 25c., good value for 50c.

300 yards plain Camlet Cloth, at 25c., good value for 50c.

750 yards Black Empress Cloth, at 50c., good value for 75c.

400 yards Black Mitz Cloth, at 75c., good value for $1.

560 yards Striped Camlet Cloth, at 25c., good value for 65c.

600 yards All Wool Poplin, at 50c., good value for 75c.

300 yards Black Alpaca, at 25c., good value for 50c.

800 yards Black Alpaca, at 50c., good value for $1.

500 yards Silk Warp Alpaca, at 75c., good value for $1 25.

800 yards Black French Cashmere, at $1, good value for $1 25.

500 yards Black French Cashmere, at $1 25, good value for $1 75.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

1000 yards Irish Poplin, WARRANTED, for $1 35.
300 yards French Poplin, for $1.
200 yards Imitation Irish Poplin, for 75c.
400 yards Black Gros Grain Silk, for $1 25.
300 yards Black Gros Grain Silk, heavy, for $2.
500 yards Black Gros Grain Silk, heavy, $2 25.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

1000 Reversable Striped Shawls, only $3 50.
500 do do do only $4 50.
300 Reversable Striped Shawls, Extra, $5 00.
200 Reversable Striped Shawls, choice, $6 00.

Those in search of bargains will be amply repaid by an early visit to our store.

By Order of
J. C. TALBOT & CO.
28 KEARNY STREET.
au22tf

IMPORTATION DIRECT.

M. SHORT,
PIONEER TAILOR,
Commercial Street - - - Corner of Leidesdorff.

☞ The FINEST GOODS ever introduced into this market, including
MELTONS, CAMBRIDGE,
CHEVIOTS, NAPIER,
OXFORD, WITNEYS,
RAGLANS, WEST TWILLS,
Etc....Etc....Etc.
... ALSO....
A Large Assortment of Genuine Irish Friezes.
Being the NEWEST FASHIONS, both in material and colors, which he now offers at prices which
Cannot be touched by any other house in the City.

An inspection of
THIS SPLENDID STOCK
Is respectfully invited. A perfect fit guaranteed

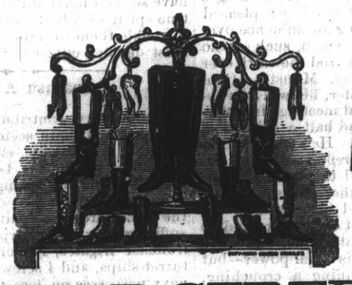
Remember my Prices to Order are—
Pants.....$ 6 00
Business Suits..... 25 00
Beaver Suits..... 35 00
Finest French Beaver Suits..... 50 00

M. SHORT,
527 Commercial St.....San Francisco
ap11tf

M. F. WALSH,

THE WINDSOR SHOE STORE
905 1-2 Market Street,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Having a large lot of Goods on the way from the East, and not having room for them, will make A CLEARANCE SALE, FOR 40 DAYS, OF ALL THE GOODS IN HIS STORE
FOR CASH.
At Lower Prices than the same Goods were ever sold in this City. It would be well for parties coming from the Country to give a call, as this is a RELIABLE BOOT STORE—you will always find our dealings strict and to the point. Parcels sent to any part of the City. Having a large assortment of
SOLLER'S AND DUNBAR'S PHILADELPHIA CHILDREN'S AND INFANT'S SHOES,
The Best in the market, the public will save time and money by making their purchases at
The Windsor Boot and Shoe Store, 905½ MARKET ST., between 5th and 6th streets.
M. F. Walsh, Proprietor.
je20tf

GRAND SALE
—OF—
BOOTS AND SHOES
—AT THE—
California Association



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Second Shoe Store from Market.

The Trustees have taken these premises for the sale of all kinds of Boots and Shoes of their **own manufacture.** They have, up to now, manufactured only for the wholesale trade, and are now willing to introduce to the public a new feature in business, which is to sell to them **every single pair of Boots and Shoes for Cash only,** at strictly the same price as they have heretofore sold them by the shipload to dealers, prefering this method to trusting their goods to wholesalers. And in order to give satisfaction to all buyers, they **warrant** their goods to give **good wear,** and will at any time repair them free of charge in case of failure.
It is their object to do a large trade, and they think that this method of doing business must attract attention with everyone. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock and prices.
au15tf Respectfully, THE MANAGER.

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Jackson Michigan Wagon,

The largest assortment on this coast now in store and for sale very low—all Wagons warranted for two years.
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Horse Shoeing Done with Neatness and Dispatch.
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Richard Dowling.....Proprietor
Stand, corner Market and Ellis streets.
Horses, Carriages, and Buggies for hire at the most reasonable rates.
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CARRIAGE Making, Blacksmithing, Wheelwrighting and Painting done in Latest Styles and with Dispatch. Twelve Months Guarantee will be given with all New Work. jy25

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Dunbar Alley, rear of City Hall.
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Wines and Liquors,
Southeast Cor. Washington and Seventh Streets, Oakland.
Agent for Wm. Woodward's Wines and Brandies and Diamond O. K. Whisky. [my16-tf

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432 THIRD STREET,
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DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
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ALSO, ALL VEGETABLES IN SEASON.
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Wholesale & Retail Grocer,
WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM HIS FRIENDS and the public that he is prepared to furnish them with Groceries, Teas, Hams, etc., and the Finest Brands of Wines and Liquors, at greatly reduced prices.
☞ Goods delivered free to all parts of the city. ☜
GIVE US A CALL BEFORE GOING ELSE WHERE.
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164 First street, Corner Howard (Opposite Gass Works.)
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